H.H.S.

AURORA

1917



Aurora

Published by the

Class of
Nineteen Hundred Seventeen

Hobart High School

Hobart, Indiana

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Volume Ten



HOBART HIGH SCHOOL

BOARD OF EDUCATION



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GEORGE H. THOMPSON, Superintendent
B. Sc. 1907, B. Ped. 1913, Valparaiso University
Principal Hobart Township High School 1895-1905
Superintendent Hobart Schools 1905—

CLASS MOTTO—"*Deeds, not Dreams.*"

CLASS COLORS—*Red, White and Blue.*

CLASS FLOWER—*Red Rose.*

PROGRAM

March—Selected.

"The Miller's Wooing"—*Faning*.....High School Chorus

Salutatory.....Will J. Wollenberg

"Nazareth"—*Gounod*.....High School Orchestra

Valedictory.....Geneva M. Gill

Address—"The Life Worth While".....Dr. James L. Gardiner

Presentation of Alumni Medal.....Eric Carlson, '07

Presentation of Diplomas.....Supt. G. H. Thompson

Recessional—*Gower*.....Class of '17

Viola Puettjer, Accompanist

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Clara M. Linkhart

Secretary.....Will J. Wollenberg

Treasurer.....Helen M. Wild



WYNNE W. THOMPSON

Wynne is the great authority on guns; if you were to ask him anything about strength of gunpowder, different shells, kinds of guns, different makes, and the like, he could easily give you a lengthy speech explaining fully every detail. He used to enjoy himself roaming about the woods around Lake George striking terror into all small animals with his 25-20. On the day that the United States declared that a state of war existed between the U. S. and Germany he left to join the Coastal Artillery. He still loves guns—and a certain girl.

"A man's a man for a' that."

To

WYNNE WEIR THOMPSON

our classmate, who, because of his devotion to the principles of American liberty, answered the call to arms April 5th, we, the class of nineteen hundred seventeen, in approval of his action, dedicate this volume of the Aurora



GENEVA M. GILL
Editor-in-Chief

Geneva, our valedictorian, is one of the foremost members of our class. She is our editor-in-chief, and has worked with a will in gathering material for our annual. She is greatly interested in Chemistry and it is her desire to be a chemist. But with all her "work and worry", she still maintains her smiling and happy disposition.

"Because I cannot do everything,
I will not refuse to do the something I can do."



CLARA M. LINKHART
Class President

Clara, the class beauty, although her frivolous appearance does not seem to indicate it, is the business member of the class. She thinks she is going to be an "Old Maid" stenographer, but we think differently. Clara is cheerful and happy; always ready for work or play. She is especially fond of English note-books, and always has hers strictly up-to-date.

"And she was fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad."



WILL J. WOLLENBERG
Secretary

"Bill" is the talented member of the class. He is in the orchestra, the contest and the chorus. He is salutatorian and was our contestant at Gary. He claims he is overworked and never gets any peace, but his appearance certainly does not indicate that overwork is having any effect on his weight.

"Beware the fury of a patient man."



HELEN M. WILD
Treasurer

Helen Wild is the smallest member of our class—in size only. She is as big as any one when it comes to getting things done. She is certainly a leader in all school activities. She is an earnest and jolly worker and always ready to do her share and more if necessary. Along with all this earnestness she is one of the biggest teases we have ever seen. But even at that we would not give up the "Little Wild Girl."

"Friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold."



ALGOT V. NELSON
Business Manager

Algot would undoubtedly make some literary critic, if one can judge by his criticisms in class. He does not like "pet expressions" and especially the word "cute". He regards women as a necessary evil and he has never "fallen in love" yet, but when he does we all predict a bad fall, from which it will be hard to recover.

"Let any man speak long enough, he will get hearers."



ELSA L. GRUEL
Vice-President

Elsa, although the baby of the class, is one of the tallest members. She has the talent of having a good time and "getting away with it" with an E in deportment. She comes from the country, but she certainly is not a "country girl."

"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."



GRACE F. HENDERSON

Grace is our talented German student. She can pronounce every German word in the dictionary, to the satisfaction of her fellow-students and the awe and admiration of the Freshies. She is noted for her wide circle of friends, extending even to the Mexican border.

"Sense is the foundation on which every good is based."



F. GLADYS FLYNN

Gladys is our great history student. She wrote the splendid composition on history, which is to be found in this, our annual. Gladys wants to be a librarian, and sit among the hundreds of books and count them as her friends. She has a great habit of writing letters—but to whom we do not know.

"Nought o' word spak she more than was nede."



RUTH E. MILLER

Ruth comes from Ainsworth. We never thought much of that place until Ruth came from there and then we realized that it must be **some place**. Ruth is always jolly and happy, ready always to do her part in the work, and certainly she is always **there** when it comes to giggling. If she ever sat quietly for fifteen minutes without a giggle we would like to know the particulars. We are sure it was not her fault.

"A mind at peace with all below;
A heart whose love is innocent."



ELLA B. ROSSOW

Ella is our great soprano and we are indebted to her for the splendid composition on Music in our annual. Ella has several times during our high school course given parties to the class of 1917. She also has the reputation of being one of the biggest teases that this High School has ever seen. But in spite of this she is very obliging and is always willing to lend a hand.

"Full of the truest, deepest thought,
Doing the very thing she ought."

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Geneva M. Gill

Business Manager, English Algot V. Nelson

History F. Gladys Flynn

Literary, Personals Helen M. Wild

Social Grace F. Henderson

Commercial Clara M. Linkhart

German, Physiology Elsa L. Gruel

Music Ella B. Rossow

Science, Latin Will J. Wollenberg

Manual Training Wynne W. Thompson

Domestic Science Ruth E. Miller

EDITORIAL

"Forewarned is forearmed." Therefore we warn you in advance that this is not the work of literary men, but of High School students, and we ask you to please judge it accordingly. We have worked hard and earnestly to make this volume of the "Aurora" a success. We have tried to make it original and yet not entirely different from the others. We have had some help in publishing this from the other students, and we wish to here thank all those who have contributed anything toward it.

—Editor-in-Chief.

SALUTATORY

PARENTS, Faculty and Friends: The class of 1917 extends to you a most cordial welcome. We appear before you tonight for the last time as a class, and tomorrow each will begin traveling his separate path, some to secure higher education, others to begin life's battle immediately. Up to this night and for four years we have worked as a unit, but now each will begin that never-ceasing battle for place and success in the world. Graduation from High School means that we have left our High School life to pass on to something greater. In after years we may well look back upon our High School life and remember it as a period of the most pleasant experiences of our lives, even though at times the lessons were difficult and we were tempted to give up. But then looking back upon these difficult assignments and knowing that we have mastered them, the memories are all the more pleasant.

While we have been in High School I think we have lived up to our motto, "Deeds, not Dreams," for when we undertook anything we finished it. And now we hope to cherish the motto and always keep it before us and try to accomplish deeds. First we must dream of great things, but those dreams must develop into deeds and not remain dreams, for if they do we shall not attain anything and we shall be counted failures.

As for our colors, I believe we could not have chosen any more appropriate ones than the red, white and blue. We shall ever be loyal to these as our class colors and as the colors of our dear flag, which means so much to us. We may think of our class colors as meaning the same as the colors of our flag, red for valor, white for purity and blue for justice. Valor is something that is required of everybody, purity is something that everybody ought to have, and justice is something that everybody ought to give at all times. Even though some people lack one or more of these, let us hope that we as a class have all three, Valor, Purity and Justice. With such colors to guide and inspire us, we feel that we can accomplish great deeds in our later lives.

Now again, let me bid you a cordial welcome, first to our parents, who have provided and sacrificed for us, to the faculty, whose untiring efforts and patience have strengthened us, and to our friends, whose encouragement has helped us in order that we could complete this four years of High School work.

—*Will Wollenberg.*



WHEN WE WERE FRESHMEN

CLASS HISTORY

THE class of 1917 entered the High School in September, 1913. We had nineteen members, and we were not "green," for we had had one year of experience in High School life—while in the Eighth grade. We were the only class thus fortunate, however. During our Freshman year one of the events which we will all remember was the botany excursion. Another was a party at Ella's.



WHEN WE WERE SOPHOMORES

When we entered the Sophomore class we found that two of our members had left us. We had many good times this year, but they were all High School affairs except another party at Ella's. It was during this year that the literary societies were founded, and we "Sophs" took part in many of the programs. Elmer Niksch, Thelma Fetterer, Will Wollenberg and Wynne Thompson won places in the contests, and the class was very proud



WHEN WE WERE JUNIORS

of them, especially of Elmer, who represented the school in the county contest at Gary.

At the beginning of our Junior year, there were fifteen of us, but of these, three quit before the term was over. This was the year that we had to entertain the Seniors, and so shortly after the beginning of the term we organized our class, elected officers and started to pay dues. Geneva Gill was elected president, Helen Wild secretary and Will Wollenberg treasurer. We realized that we would not have enough money to pay for the banquet, so we gave a box social for the benefit of it. Among the good times we had, the best were the reception to the Seniors and the Junior-Senior hunt. In this year Algot Nelson and Will Wollenberg won places in the contest.

This year there were only eleven of us, but we have not let our small number prevent us from having a good time. The class was organized, with Clara Linkhart, president; Will Wollenberg, secretary, and Helen Wild, treasurer. Shortly after, we elected the "Aurora" editorial staff—business manager, Algot Nelson, and editor-in-chief, Geneva Gill. The first social event was the Junior-Senior party at Ella's. We have had good times, but we have also worked hard, especially to edit the "Aurora." We still have some events to look forward to, the greatest of which are the Junior reception, class night and graduation.

We all look back with pleasure on the four years of school life which we have all had together. Some of us were together in the grades, and of the eleven of us, Helen Wild, Algot Nelson, Clara Linkhart, Grace Henderson and Geneva Gill came from the first grade together.

—*Geneva Gill*, '17.

OUR RECORD

CLARA LINKHART
1. Ciceronion Society
2. Class Editor
3. Orion Society
4. Class President
 Editorial Staff

ELLA ROSSOW
1. Joke Editor
2. Joke Editor
3. Joke Editor
4. Annual Staff. Chorus

RUTH MILLER
1. Ciceronion Society
2. Chorus
3. Chorus
4. Annual Staff

HELEN WILD
1. Orion Society
2. Basket Ball. Chorus
 Chairman Orion Program
 Committee
3. Class Secretary. Chorus.
 Basket Ball
4. Class Treasurer. Annual
 Staff

WILL WOLLENBERG
1. Class Editor. Basket Ball
2. Contest. Chorus. Basket
 Ball
3. Class Treasurer. Chorus.
 Basket Ball. Orchestra
4. Class Secretary. Chorus. Or-
 chestra. Contestant at
 Gary. Annual Staff. Sa-
 lutatorian

ELSA GRUEL
1. Ciceronion Society
2. Chorus
3. Orion Society
4. Class Vice-President
 Annual Staff

GLADYS FLYNN
1. Orion Society
2. Orion Society
3. Ciceronion Society
4. Annual Staff

GENEVA GILL
1. Orion Society
2. Ass't Joke Editor. Contest.
 Chorus. Orion Society
3. Class President
4. Editor-in-Chief
 Valedictorian

ALGOT NELSON
1. Ass't Joke Editor
2. Orion Society
3. Class Editor. Contest
4. Business Manager

GRACE HENDERSON
1. Orion Society
2. Basket Ball
3. Basket Ball
4. Annual Staff

WYNNE THOMPSON
1. Orion Society
2. Basket Ball. Oratorical
 Contest
3. Basket Ball
4. Orchestra. Annual Staff
 Coast Artillery.



G. H. THOMPSON

Botany, Physiology and American History

PHYSIOLOGY

THE great demand of the day is health, which, by careful study and the elimination of certain things, can be brought about. Not unless we know the different parts of the human body, the functions and chief foods, are we able to obtain perfect health.

Prof. Thompson, our teacher and superintendent, is giving all the requirements necessary for a half year's course.

There are nine in our class who take physiology, and we did not suspect how little we knew until our first lesson, when we realized the fact. We most certainly have obtained a good knowledge of physiology during a short period, and attribute this to Mr. Thompson's patience in teaching us this subject.

Not until we learn the different parts of the body and are able to pronounce the words right can we say anything about physiology. For example, there are such words as "enzyme," "parotid," "peritoneum" and "coecum."

It becomes very interesting in class when a question comes up concerning different things, such as "hi-coughs," when one bright Senior says it can be stopped by holding the breath, and a still wiser one says it can be stopped by taking nine swallows of water without breathing.

Professor Thompson has also related many incidents to us concerning the causes of diseases, one of which I think we never shall forget. Another very exciting incident was when one bright Senior wished to know if a horse chewed cud.

In all, we think our time has been spent most profitably and pleasantly, and again thank Professor Thompson for his great patience and kindness given us.

—*Elsa Gruel*, '17.



J. E. WORTHINGTON

Principal High School, Science and History
1915—
B. Ped., 1911, B. Sc., A. B., 1913, Valparaiso University

SCIENCE

SCIENCE to a certain extent has been studied for many years, but it is only recently that great progress has been made, and much undoubtedly remains to be yet discovered or explained. Botany, the first science in the Hobart High School curriculum, is the study of the structure of plants, the functions of their parts, their places of growth, their classification and the terms which are employed in their description and denomination. We were initiated into the mysteries of the plant kingdom by Miss Quinnell. This certainly is an interesting subject, when you come to the study of the microscopic one-celled plants, learn the one peculiar arrangement of the leaves and branches of a certain family of plants, learn the various methods of reproduction, of the angiosperms and gymnosperms, and in short, everything that may be included in practical botany.

Science is omitted in the second year of the High School, but the third year contains a very important science, physics. Physics is that branch of science which treats of the laws and properties of matter, the manifestations of energy and the study of dynamics, light, heat, electricity, magnetism and sound. Hardly anything goes on about us but what some law of physics will explain and account for it. All mechanical devices are only applications of laws of physics. Automobiles, aeroplanes, engines, machinery, implements of war, telephones, telegraphs, electric lights and numerous other things are applications of physics, and it is indeed an interesting and important study.

Chemistry, the last science in the High School curriculum, is the subject which investigates the composition of all substances, together with the combinations and decompositions resulting from their action on one another under the influence of chemical change. It is a study of the elements of

which everything is composed. The preparation and properties of numerous compounds and elements are studied during the course. The study is in truth very interesting when we learn that some things in every day life are composed of and can be made by the chemical union of certain elements. Then, too, the wonderful and beautiful natural phenomena were formed by physical changes, without man's help.

On the whole, the science course as it is studied in Hobart High School is very interesting, and it is to Mr. Worthington that we are sincerely grateful for guiding us thru the two courses of physics and chemistry.

—*Will Wollenberg*, '17.

HISTORY

"*Deeds, not dreams.*"



S HISTORY not the recorded *deeds* of the past? As innocent Freshmen, our minds were not burdened with this subject, but in our Sophomore year we were introduced to the mysteries and splendors of the ancient world. A year of this work was profitably spent under the careful guidance of Professor Stoltz.

On becoming Juniors, a new teacher greeted our history class. Mr. Worthington patiently steered us through the rise of the great empires and other events down to modern times. The struggle for liberty seems small in comparison with the present "world war." Let us sincerely hope that one of the results may be greater liberty and a universal democracy of nations.

This year, as Seniors, we have studied the history of our own country. In connection with this work we have had some civics, which enables us to understand better and appreciate our institutions of government. We also realize that a better knowledge of the past will enable us to help solve problems of the present and future. In the ever-changing scenes of human progress, Mr. Thompson has helped us to interpret the events which have a bearing upon our country today. And we wish to thank him for his patience and the interest he has shown in our work.

—*Gladys Flynn*, '17.

Will Wollen*B*erg
Grac*E* Henderson
Glady*S* Flynn
Wynne *T*hompson

Algot Nel*S*on
Hel*E*n Wild
Clara Li*V*khart
Geneva G*I*ll
Ella RO*S*sow
*R*uth Miller
El*S*a Gruel



ALFRED G. EPPS

Mathematics and Manual Training 1914—
Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical
School, Rochester, Kent, England
Bachelor of Manual Training, Valparaiso
University, 1914

MANUAL TRAINING

DURING our four years training in the Hobart High School, we had much work to do. Of course, it was mostly brain work, and we had an easy life in the class rooms. But a few restless ones were sent down to Mr. Epps to toil with plane, saw and hammer on the board pile. This was not so serious as it might have been, for we were given considerable freedom. Here we made boxes, tables, chairs and various gewgaws, which we took home and imposed upon our friends as real hand-made articles of furniture, and very valuable.

The classes were not very well trained in honesty, and as no strict attention was kept over the board pile, many got credit for slabs carved and polished by others.

At one time a crowd of girls came down to the shop to receive the necessary treatment or training to fit their muscles to become first class carpenters. As manual training is not brain work and girls have all the brains and men only muscles, the girl gang proved a sort of failure and they didn't get very good slabs of wood carved from the board pile.

Mr. Epps, however, has a very fine job ahead of him, as the classes coming up from the lower grades contain many prospective artisans who are in serious need of a few hours' culture on the board pile. Wishing success to him and also to the coming generation who are taken from the easy-going routine of the class room and permitted to labor on the board pile, the present workers and we Seniors, who have been allowed to keep away from this place of toil for a year on good conduct, hope to see many works of art come up from the lower regions of the school house, where we developed considerable muscle and a little skill and found some relief from the abstractions of the class room.

—*Wynne Thompson*, '17.

MATHEMATICS

ON COMING into the High School as Freshies, we thought we were wise in mathematics, having had eight long years of arithmetic, but after the first day of algebra we felt considerably humbled. We found out that a, b, c, etc., occur in other things than the alphabet. During our Freshman course in algebra we studied under the guidance of Mr. Quigley. We wish to express our appreciation for his patience with us, for we realize that we were a rather troublesome class and did not know much about mathematics.

The next year another teacher came to help us—Mr. Epps. He steered us safely through our Sophomore half year of plane geometry and the half year of solid geometry. The High School course requires only two and a half years of mathematics, but those who wish may take another half year of it—solid geometry. Generally the students by that time think they have had enough of "ab" and "the area of a triangle is equal to——", and they decide to quit. When the roll was called for solid, it was found that only four of us had decided to take it. We were rather "scared" at first, but, due to the efforts of Mr. Epps, we got through the course safely and without anyone's being afflicted with brain fever or semesters.

—*Geneva M. Gill*, '17.

LATIN

"*Facta, non somnia.*"

GOOD things are contained in small packages. We were six in number—Herbert, Wynne, Algot, Thelma, Lillian and myself, Will—when in 1913 we began Latin under the able instruction of Miss Quinnell, who led us through the intricacies of word formation and Latin syntax, craftily concealing the difficulties under the merry rhythm of a nursery rhyme. Then Miss Gillilland steered us safely through the waters of Roman military life and forensic pleading. Lillian was graduated in 1916, Herbert has passed forever from our number, Thelma is turning her knowledge of Latin to use in a commercial course, but we three—Wynne, Algot and I—will glide in—a hitch and step, will mount the rostra and there deliver our souls of the cream of wisdom, stored through three years of Latin—graduates of one of the best High Schools in the Union. And as I write these lines, two pictures come before me—one of the past, the other of the future. I see us three on a memorable day when the vision of Latin's usefulness came to me more fully than ever before. The thought pursued me and stayed with me throughout the day. We were in geometry, our good Professor Epps was pounding out mathematical truths and was trying to explain loci, maxima, minima, segments, acute, obtuse, reflex, conjugate, postulate, quod erat demonstrandum, quod erat faciendum, iso-perimetric and many others.

From geometry class we passed down the hall, at the ring of the bell, where the Latin daily paper caught our eye, bringing its message of the practical value of Latin; this day's edition had a picture of a new scientific



GWENDOLEN GILLILLAND

Latin and Public Speaking 1914—
Glenwood High School, Glenwood, Iowa,
1898
A. B., 1903 Tabor College, Tabor, Iowa

invention whose name was taken from the Latin; there were contrasted and compared the Roman and modern methods of election; there was a newspaper cartoon with a picture of "Laocoon and the Snakes" from Virgil, comparing it with a feature of our life today.

In the English class, to which we went next, we had Milton's poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." For the first time I appreciated fully the beauty of these poems. They were full of references to Greek and Roman mythology, pitfalls for the unwary, but giving meaning and life to the page for the one who had an intimate knowledge of the stories, such as one secures from reading them in the original.

Few people realize that over one-half of the words which they use are of Latin derivation—for example, that from the word "induco" one hundred English words are formed; the same from "refero," two hundred and fifty from "propono," and two hundred from "implico."

In history, to which we went next, we had current events and a chapter on the Greek and Roman constitutions. In discussing the chapter, we found how the very foundation of our government and constitution had come from the Greek and Roman constitutions. Still further, we are surprised to find Caesar, fighting on the same fields, maneuvering in the same way, and meeting the same difficulties of position at Soissons as the armies in the present war found and fought against Jan. 15, 1915. Then it was a Roman Caesar who was the aggressor; now it is a German kaiser (Caesar); the Romans meant to be a world power, so do the Germans; Caesar's use of transverse trenches and placing there his artillery is exactly duplicated in the present war by both French and German armies.

At this time occurs to me the various abbreviations, A. B., M. D., LL. D., D. D., and the medicinal terms, R, S, C, and O. How many people know that these abbreviations come from the Latin?

But I almost forgot the music period. We were singing "Italia" and instantly before my eyes the Italian words opus, de capo, ritardo, crescendo and others faded into the Latin from which they came.

At noon I thought of the Roman "siesta," so refreshed myself that when we went to chemistry in the afternoon the terminology seemed to shout to me, so evident did the derivation of the technical and scientific names become, for they were Latin, and in good number, too. And as we passed by the room where the botany class was reciting, the sonorous sounding words rolled out after us. And as we passed the manual training shop the word "manus" (hand) was suggested to me.

Then in physiology our entire lesson consisted of Greek and Latin names which came very easily after knowing the Latin words. When we went into Latin Miss Gillilland asked for volunteers for an essay on the "Practical Value of Latin," all three of us boys held up our hands, but as Algot thought he might be absent the following day, and Wynne had a letter to write, I accepted the commission, and you are now reading the result.

The second of the two visions that came to me is that of leading us out into the future, where we shall be tried and found whole or wanting. I see Algot, Wynne and myself on our tour through Europe. We can enter a Spanish, French or Italian cafe and by means of our knowledge of Latin be able to know what is on the menu. I can see us standing before the architectural beauties of that world, and we observe the similarity of the buildings to our own. We notice that the Pompeian rooms are like the ones in Marshall Field's store or in a Saratoga or a New York home. The lightings of the Roman houses are like those of the Northwestern Station in Chicago.

Then I see us returned, through with our college work and knocking at the door of "Positions." We find that what John M. Zane, a famous lawyer of Chicago, says is true. He says: "The study of the classics I regard as of more importance at the present day than at any other. There never was a time when every man—engineer, doctor, lawyer, business man—so greatly required the classical training as today. All affairs are now, more than ever before, a matter of words. And for dealing with words only the classical training, the old-fashioned drill in Latin and Greek, can give a man the requisite discipline. Having said this, I pass by the important consideration that the world of thought is part and parcel of the classics, and come purely to their practical bread and butter, advantage. . . . Almost every legal record today is merely a translation of a Latin document. Reading of Latin keeps the attention close, keeps one weighing words, keeps one extracting all the meaning there is in words, keeps one co-ordinating words to get their fullest effect."

We now have, by the aid of our knowledge of Latin, a position in the great world, and we are able to hold our own against all opposing forces.

Therefore I consider the knowledge of Latin as of the greatest importance as it helps us with everything with which we come in contact. We who remain of the six who started in the Freshman year in 1913 do now express

our gratefulness to Miss Quinnell for her great help in our grammar, and to Miss Gillilland, who for the last two years, with untiring effort, has had the supervising and teaching of us in our translation and our grammar.

—*W. Wollenberg*, '17.

DRAMATICS

"MACBETH A LA MODE"

December 18, the public speaking class gave a play, "Macbeth a la Mode," under the direction of Miss Gillilland. The cast was as follows:

Willie Macbeth.....Leonard Nelson
King Duncan.....Kenneth Carlton
Bob Banquo.....Edwin Haller
Mike Macduff.....Miles Strom
Arthur Lennox.....Luther Larson
Donald Bain.....Clarence McAffee
Flea-Ants.....Frank Hartnup
Lady Macbeth.....Viola Puettjer
Hecate.....Emma Carstensen
Frivolous Fannie.....Dorothy Wood
Mandy Malcolm.....Anna Hideen
First Witch.....Margaret Gerber
Second Witch.....Irene Carlton
Third Witch.....Evelene Ols

Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior class. With his friend Banquo he encounters three witches, who prophesy that he will pass his exams, that he will be elected to a class office, and that he will play on the football team. The first two prophesies come true, and in Act 2 Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemy's goal, thus losing the game for his own team.

"THE TEETH OF THE GIFT HORSE"

March 30, the Seniors, assisted by Florence Pio, gave "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," under the direction of Miss Kolb. The cast was:

Mrs. Butler.....Helen Wild
Mr. Butler.....Will Wollenberg
Aunt Marietta.....Florence Pio
Katie.....Clara Linkhart
Devlin Blake.....Algot Nelson
Anne Fisher.....Geneva Gill

Marietta Williams, Dick Butler's aunt, gives him and Flo some hideous vases, painted by herself. Florence sends them to a rummage sale and then shortly after she gets a post card from Aunt Marietta, saying she is coming. Anne Fisher, after much trouble, gets the vases back. Devlin, Katie, the Irish maid, and Dick mix things up generally, but all comes out right and Aunt Marietta is happy.

—*Geneva M. Gill.*

THE PRELIMINARY CONTEST

The contest was given Tuesday evening, April 10. The director was Miss Gillilland. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo Rudolph Scholler
The Chariot Race—Dramatic Margaret Tabbert
Madam Butterfly—Dramatic Thelma Fetterer
The Lost Word—Dramatic Margaret Gerber
Jean Valjean and the Bishop—Dramatic Anna Hideen
The Abolition of War—Oratorical Edwin Haller
Illustrated Talk A. G. Epps
B 606—Dramatic Gladys Humes
The New South—Oratorical Hosea Bayor
The Light on Deadman's Bar—Dramatic Raphael Pierson
Song Audience
Lincoln, Called of God—Oratorical Will Wollenberg
Sidney Carton's Death—Dramatic Evelyn Frederick
The Sign of the Cross—Oratorical Lillian Canavan
Song School Chorus

Decision of Judges

The winners were: In Dramatic—First, Thelma Fetterer; second, Anna Hideen; third, Lillian Canavan. In Oratory—First, Will Wollenberg; second, Hosea Bayor; third, Edwin Haller. Our representatives at the contest at Gary were Will Wollenberg and Anna Hideen.

SODALITAS ROMANA PRESENTS "A ROMAN SCHOOL" AND "A ROMAN WEDDING"

At 2:30 P. M. on April 27, in the High School Auditorium, the Sodalitas Romana, formed recently by the Latin department, held its first meeting. At this opening session of the club, two plays, "A Roman School" and "A Roman Wedding," were presented under the direction of the Magistra, Miss Gillilland.

In the first play, spoken in Latin, Raphael Pierson, the Magister, called from the roll the names of the immortal Cicero, Caesar, Pompey, Antony, Brutus, and many others of the republican period, represented by the members of the beginning Latin class, and the two Caesar classes, giving a picture of a school in Caesar's time. The scene closed, after a display of Caesarian and Ciceronian oratory on the part of Irene Carlton and Edward Wollenberg, with the rendition of a humorous recitation, entitled, "Pome of a Possum," given by the young Rhodes scholar, Dorothy Wood, impersonating Gaius Crassus.

The second play, translated to English, showed Cicero and Terentia at home, in the persons of Hosea Bayor and Evelyn Frederick, respectively. Florence Pio, their daughter Tullia, and Gaius Piso, Ralph Melin, the son of Lucius Piso, John Martin, and wife, Vera Barnes, were married according to good old Roman custom, with the Pronuba, Lolita Smith, assisting the priests in the wedding ceremony. The wedding cake eaten, a procession

was formed to the groom's house headed by musicians followed by a lad carrying a torch and vase; next came the bride, supported on either side by a boy; the groom, throwing nuts to those about the aisles (throwing of rice is a survival), was followed by a boy carrying the bride's spindle; the rest of the wedding party, which consisted of all classes, followed, all carrying torches and singing a hymn in Latin to Hymen, the god of marriage, marching down through the midst of the audience, out through the hall, and back by a front entrance to the stage, presenting now the groom's house. The bride wound the door posts with woolen bands and annointed them with oil, to signify health and plenty. The family alone entered the house, and amidst the singing of the crowd outside, Tullia kindled the fire on the altar with her torch, and then threw it to the girl outside, who, as with bouquets today at weddings, was fortunate enough to catch the torch as a sign that she would be the next bride.

At the conclusion of the plays a prize was presented to the pupil in each class offering the best prepared Latin tablet of the year's work. Between plays Mr. Worthington presented stereopticon views of Roman life.

"ANNE, OF OLD SALEM"

"Anne, of Old Salem," will be given as the class play, under the direction of Miss Gillilland. The cast:

Reverend Cotton Mather	Hosea Bayor
Captain Hardman	John Martin
Roger Hardman	Will Wollenberg
Ezekiel Brown	Algot Nelson
Mistress Hardman	Grace Henderson
Goodwife Ellinwell	Geneva Gill
Anne Ellinwell	Helen Wild
Phyllis	Clara Linkhart
Ruth	Ruth Miller
Piety	Gladys Flynn
Truth	Elsa Gruel
Peace Atkins	Ella Rossow
Nathan Ellinwell	Ralph Melin

Anne Ellinwell is loved by Roger Hardman, whose mother has other plans for him. She has picked out Phyllis, an English girl, for him. Anne is accused of witchcraft, but through a number of complications she is proven innocent. Nathan, Anne's brother, helps Ruth, a Quaker maid, to escape, and in so doing wins the love of Phyllis. Piety and Truth are beguiling Ezekiel, but Peace at last entraps him.

—*Geneva Gill, '17.*



EUNICE ROPER

German and English 1913—
Hobart High School 1907
DePauw University

ENGLISH

THE relative value of all other studies may be debated, but the position of English as first cannot be questioned. Good English is necessary for a comprehension of the sciences, since no one could follow a scientific discussion which was carelessly constructed. That any discussion may not be confusing it must be written in a clear, direct manner; verbs must be in correct tense and all antecedents used properly. Any translation loses its power and beauty and usually its meaning if it is not prepared with regard to good grammar.

To attain and hold social position good English is required, for the habitual use of slang and a general neglect of elegance of speech is, and should be, looked upon as bad form. A little observation will show that the use of slang may lend novelty, which will wear off, but slang never lends force.

By far more important than these, is the value of English to the business man. No man who uses faulty language can secure a position of trust and importance, nor do people wish to do business with such a man, for his errors will draw their attention from what he is saying; this may become so great that the listener may really be made miserable. Then again, his letters and orders may be so bad as to be hard to understand, resulting in expensive mistakes.

Good English is not only valuable; it is a duty of every patriotic citizen. History will teach you what people did. By reading works of literature we get more intimate mental pictures which tell why they did it. To be able to vote, speak and act intelligently on events of today and tomorrow a knowledge of history is essential, but a knowledge of history without a

comprehension of literature becomes largely a catalog of facts with few underlying causes and is therefore of little value. Morover, a study of literature of foreign countries will show us their tendencies, their characteristics, their thoughts and their standards, enabling us to deal with their people more intelligently.

—*Algot Nelson*, 17.

GERMAN

"*Taten, nicht Traume.*"

THE true value of German is inconceivable unless we study it conscientiously and retain all its factors. This has been proven to us by previous years of instruction by Miss Eunice Roper, who certainly has given us all the information and guidance necessary for the Interstate Course which is required.

As Freshmen, we were nineteen, fourteen of whom took German. During this term our minds were drawn to the study of Vos's "German Grammar." Finally this was laid aside two days of the week for the study of "German Stories Retold," of which we were entitled to tell every story from memory. We certainly did accomplish this when we gave a Koffee-Kloch where these were told, German songs sung, and then "Kuchen and Koffee" were served.

The following year there were several absent from our class, although we were still greatly interested in the study. The books read were "Immensee", "Hoher Als die Kirche," "Germalshausen" and "Der Lindenbaum". "Immensee," was told by the class at another Koffee Kloch to which our parents and friends and the remainder of the German students were invited.

During our Junior year we were accompanied by two Seniors who helped make the study very interesting. We read "Wilhelm Tell" and "Nathan der Weise", a college book, which we handled quite easily, thus showing our great knowledge of German.

Now as we saw our last opportunity for obtaining a greater knowledge of German, and as we were all striving to succeed the Kaiser, we were very fortunate in having the Juniors with us, who encouraged us to a great extent. We read "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" and studied some of Bernhardt's "German Grammar", which we soon laid aside in order to finish the former.

In conclusion, we thank Miss Roper for her kindness and the aid she gave us for our own benefit, and we are glad we were permitted to take the subject, because it is one of the leading modern languages.

—*Elsa Gruel*, '17.



ORCHESTRA

HELEN L. KOLB

Music and English 1916-17
Elkhart High School 1913
Indiana University 1913-15



MUSIC

"Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces, which no method teach
And which a master's hand alone can reach."

WHAT good is music? Does it pay to teach the children music? These questions are often asked, and they ought to be answered with a very emphatic yes. Nearly every public institution requires the services of one or more musicians. It is the first thing a little child hears; he is sung to sleep by a lullaby and when he enters the school he is taught music; they like it and it takes their minds off the more strenuous subjects.

What is a home where there is no music? Nearly every home has some kind used for entertainment. After a day of toil and work music affords a means of recreation in the evening.

College glee clubs serve the purpose of socializing the student body. These college songs cement the students together, not only in each class, but all the different classes. For instance, at an alumni banquet the gray-haired graduates meet the young boys at first a little stiffly, but if the songs of their Alma Mater are started the ice is broken, and things proceed smoothly.

Even savages have their forms of music. Different beats on a drum are different signals—a call to arms, a dance, a festival, etc. The negroes on the southern plantations sang the old songs we love to sing now, as they worked in the cotton fields. It lightened their labor.

Then in the army! We like to see the recruits go marching by, but if we hear the notes of the bugle or the stirring strains of a march we enjoy it so much more, and our cheering is truly sincere. One of the first things a young recruit learns is the meaning of the different bugle signals. The bugle sounds drill, guard-mount, inspection, attack, advance, retreat, fatigue, and its lan-

guage is as intelligible as the spoken words of the captain. When a true soldier hears the thrilling strains of "Marching Through Georgia," it arouses him to immediate action which often "saves the day."

Then again, strip our church services of their music, their hymns, choirs, etc., and what have you left? The minor chords may suggest tenderness, sadness, and even melancholy, but when the major chords are sounded we suddenly catch the spirit of strength, joy and vivacity that they send out to us, and are filled with hope and courage.

Scarcely any entertainment, ceremony or occasion is complete without its portion of music. A wedding, funeral, picnic, celebration; well, in fact, everything needs music to make it complete.

Just a word in conclusion as to our musical department this year. Many of the best singers in the course were graduated last year, but our efficient director, Miss Helen Kolb, has certainly worked hard to make the chorus what it is, and also the orchestra.

At the beginning of the year she took the fragments of the old orchestra and, using this as a nucleus, tried to get the younger students interested in this work. She succeeded so well that by December 30 this "Beginners' Orchestra," which consisted of about twelve pieces, was appearing in public. It stands to reason that we must have worked seriously and strenuously to do this.

The following are two musical numbers given this year. The rumor has been about that Hobart did not intend to send a chorus to the oratorical contest this year, but that rumor is false, because we intend to go, and just now are exerting all our efforts on the chorus we are going to sing, "Unfold Ye Portals," from Gounod's "Redemption."

Once more I wish to say that we sincerely thank Miss Kolb for the work and time she spent with us this year.

—*Ella Rosson*, '17.

PROGRAM

Hobart High School Auditorium, March 30, 1917

1. Entr'acte—Cinema Winne
 Orchestra
2. A Merry Life.....Denza
3. Popular Songs
 Miss Isabel White and Chorus
4. My Old Kentucky Home
 Sextet
5. Dixie
6. Welcome, Sweet Spring.....Rubenstein
7. A Perfect Day.....Bond
 Orchestra
8. Play—The Teeth of the Gift Horse
 Cast:
 Richard Butler.....Will Wollenberg
 Florence Butler, his wife.....Helen Wild
 Marietta Williams, his aunt.....Florence Pio
 Anne Fisher and Devlin Blake, friends of the Butlers..Geneva Gill and Algot Nelson
 Katie, the maid.....Clara Linkhart
9. Selection
 Kolb Brass Quartet
10. Gypsy Chorus.....Bohemian Girl
 Oh Night of Love.....Faust
 Sextet
 Angels That Around Us Hover....Maritana
11. Barcarolle.....Tales of Hoffman
 Three Little Maids from School.....Mikado
 Marian Paxton, Edna Weaver, Edith Looker
 The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring Mikado
 Come, Oh Maidens Fair.....Martha
12. Anvil Chorus.....Il Trovatore
 Lullaby Jocelyn
 Miss Dorothy Wood
 Oh, Italia, Italia, Beloved....Lucrezia Borgia
13. Patriotic Melodies.....Wheeler
 Orchestra

 Pianists
 Miss Viola Puettjer, Miss Vera Barnes

 Director, Miss Helen Kolb












RENA ROE

Commercial 1915—
Ellwood City High School 1906
Commercial Department, Valparaiso
University 1915

COMMERCIAL

AS I STARTED down the pathway of life a sign attracted my attention, upon which "SUCCESS" was written in large letters. This sign pointed to many things, but that which interested me most was "A Good Business Course."

Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Stenography and Typewriting are included in the Business Course in Hobart High.

Bookkeeping is now being offered in both the Freshman and Junior years, the first being an introductory course and the latter a complete course. Our class consisted of eight enthusiastic workers, all eager to learn everything given. The work was made very interesting for us, and upon finishing we felt that we were almost "experts."

During the first semester of the Senior year only four of us took Commercial Arithmetic. This was easy for us, since it was partly a review of the Arithmetic we had in the grades.

Stenography may be taken in three semesters, starting in the latter part of the Junior year, the Pitman-Howard system being used.

Typewriting is offered to the Seniors, but only three of us entered the class. At the end of the first semester one of the members dropped out, leaving us a small but determined class. In this subject accuracy was our first aim, and then speed. These two, together with neatness, form the essentials of a Business Course.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Roe for the great interest she had in us, and also for her patience, which remained forever unchanged.

—*Clara Linkhart, '17.*



EMILY E. BRACKEN
Art 1914—
Hobart High School 1909

ART

THE aim in drawing is to inculcate a larger appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, to develop the power to see beauty in common things, to assist in bringing about an era of better taste in the selection of the objects which surround us, and to develop skill of hand in transforming raw material into objects of use and beauty.

It is hoped, through a course in public school art, ultimately to improve the environment of the school and home, and eventually to bring about a greater interest in civic beauty, thereby increasing the pleasure of living.

With these things in view, we have studied the history of art and made posters for different occasions. At Christmas time we made some of our presents. In doing this we did some stenciling and bookbinding.

In February the class studied interior decoration. The problem in the work was to plan a room and its furnishings. Posing came next, and to this the class adapted itself quickly. April and May brought us nature study, which we worked out in several mediums, using indoor studies and outdoor sketching.

We are far from being artists, but we realize that our powers of imagination and memory have been developed to some extent. The image is the great instrument of instruction, and we believe that whatever a child gets out of any subject presented to him is simply the images which he himself forms as a result of the study.

—*Ava Tolle, '20.*



ELLEN M. MALONE
Domestic Science 1917—
Hobart High School 1904

HOW A YEAR OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE CAN HELP A GIRL

DOMESTIC SCIENCE was first taught in the Hobart High School when we were in our Sophomore year. We girls, feeling that we needed to learn how to cook for future purposes, availed ourselves of this opportunity. At the beginning of the year our class numbered thirty-two, but in the following years it has been greatly increased.

We spent our time learning the principles of cooking, trying to grasp food values, and ran the gamut of vegetables, meats, salads, bread stuffs and pastry in a condensed course which Miss Borger arranged especially for those of us advanced pupils who felt too rushed to take more than a year's work.

Later on in the term, after we had learned more about preparing foods, we invited our parents to luncheon. They appreciated this very much and felt our success was due to Miss Borger, who was always willing to help us in our work.

We girls feel now that we can cook a dinner in less than a day and not have all the dishes in the sink. When we cook an egg we try to have its albumen served in the most digestible form. We know the difference between a finished steak and leather; our pies can be divided with just the ordinary eating utensils. Altogether, we have been glad to have had that year's work, even if we haven't had as much time to practice as the girls who spend all their time at home.

The department at present under the instruction of Miss Malone is progressing in such manner that no Hobart girl can afford to miss it.

Judging from the fine tidbits which come from the kitchen and the splendid reports of the D. S. girls, some of Hobart's future wage-earners will not lack good meals, and half of their economical problems have been worked out for them.

—*Ruth Miller.*

CLASS WILL

WE, THE class of 1917, of Hobart High School, do hereby make our last will and testament, and bequeath the following properties:

To the coming classes in general: All the teachers, to be loved, honored and obeyed.

And still further to the class of 1918:

1. Our Senior room, with our desks, etc.
2. Our "Senior dignity."
3. The right to plan their Junior reception with hopes of a better one in return.

To the class of 1919:

1. The privilege of taking all the semesters.
2. Our smiling dispositions.

Then to the shy Freshies:

1. The privilege of having the best times being teased.
2. The hope of becoming wise to things.

To the High School Faculty:

Our fond remembrance and gratitude throughout life.

Then, lest we forget, our personal possessions:

1. Algot's love of argument to Mildred Wild.
2. Will's dimensions to Raphael Pierson.
3. Geneva's ability of becoming a teacher to Kenneth Carlton.
4. Elsa's giggle to Edwin Haller.
5. Clara's commercial accomplishments to Hosea Bayor.
6. Ruth's shyness to Martha Mackey.
7. Grace's knowledge of German to George Gill.
8. Wynne's sentimental views to Rudolph Scholler.
9. Ella's art of singing to John Martin.
10. Gladys's knowledge of History to Clarence McAfee.
11. Helen's love of dates to Grace Smalley.

We hereby nominate and appoint Superintendent G. H. Thompson and Miss Eunice Roper to be executors of this our last will and testament, they being the only teachers who remained with us throughout our four years of High School.

(Signed) *Class of* 1917.
Per Helen Wild.

Witnesses:
"Uncle Bill" Foreman.
Mr. John Francen.

SOCIAL

"After work comes pleasure."



HE class of 1917 strongly believes in this saying, and when there is work to be done we try to do it as well as possible and never shirk; but we do not believe in work all the time. So when there is pleasure in sight we are always ready to grasp the opportunity. The social events of our Senior year were not very numerous, but we made the most of them.

OCTOBER 10, 1916.—On this warm evening, the Juniors and Seniors attended a lawn party given at the country home of Ella Rossow. We were conveyed to Ella's in machines and when we arrived played games, sang songs and had a fine time. After a long and hard attempt to get one of the machines started, we finally succeeded, and went "chugging" down the road, all telling of the good time we had had.

FEBRUARY 16, 1917.—After taking exams all day we were made happy by a Valentine party in the gym in the evening. The gym was decorated in red hearts and streamers, and here refreshments were served and games played. The chief amusement of the evening was the initiation of the Freshmen, which was enjoyed by the rest of the High School.

FEBRUARY 22, 1917.—This was a typical, warm spring day, so a number of the Juniors and Seniors decided to "bum." They met at the post-office at one o'clock and started for Wheeler. They all had a fine time, but decided not to attempt it again because of the penalty announced by Mr. Worthington for such acts in the future.

MARCH 16, 1917.—The Manual Training boys gave a St. Patrick's party to the High School students and teachers in honor of the Domestic Science girls. This was held in the gym, which was decorated in green streamers. In the auditorium an excellent Irish program was given by the Irish of the High School and Faculty.

The program opened with a piano solo, "Spring Morning," by Miss Maggie Murphy. Next a song, "Toor-a-loor-a-loor-al," by Miss Agnes Maginnis, followed by the famous Irish trio, Mr. Martin Riley, wife and son. Miss Bridget Moffin reminded us so much of the old home land by her song, "Where the River Shannon Flows," accompanied by Miss McGoin.

Our knowledge of Ireland was greatly increased after an interesting and vivid description of Erin by Prof. Patrick O'Rafferty.

Irish wit and reasoning was clearly set forth by Miss Dora Hooligan in her descriptive recitation, "Finnigan and Flanagan." Miss Miget McFadden rendered "Il'Trovatore," gaining a well-earned encore, to which she replied with "Will-o'-the-Wisp." Mrs. Martin Riley sang, "I'm Going to Philadelphia in the Morning," and "When Love Is Kind." We were further favored by a visit of the famous Irish comedians, Riley and Murphy, who for fifteen minutes kept us in uproarious mirth and side-splitting laughter with their Irish wit and tongue.

Following was "Come Back to Erin," by Michael O'Toole, accompanied by Mrs. Riley. The program was concluded with a duet by Widdy Maloney and Sister McGoun.

Then we returned to the gym, where "green" refreshments were served. Everything corresponded to the occasion, and everyone reported a fine time.

Friday, April 13, 1917.—Because of the condition of affairs of our country at the present time, the Science department decided to give a patriotic party in honor of the rest of the High School pupils and teachers. This party took place in the Gym, which was decorated in flags and red, white and blue crepe paper. Games were played and refreshments served. An excellent program was rendered in the Auditorium. It gave us an idea of the customs and families of 1750, and also how affairs would be in 1950. While the Goddess of Liberty was on the stage, the audience sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Everyone showed their patriotism and had an excellent time.

Friday, April 20, 1917.—The Oratorical and Choral Contest was held at Gary, where Hobart was represented by Anna Hideen, Will Wollenberg, and our small but good chorus. Although we were disappointed in dramatic and oratorical, we received third place in choral.

—*Grace F. Henderson, '17.*

TO THE SENIORS



HROUDED in rosy mists untinged as yet by fears,
Began the long path we have trodden thru the years.
Not always rainbow-hued has been the way;
Dark clouds have often overspread the day.

Many a rugged rock and stony hill
Has fretted and well-nigh over-taxed our will.

But ever brighter shone before our eyes
The goal we sought, the much-desired prize.

And now it seems the journey's almost past;
One step—the crown is ours! At last! At last!

But even while we reach with eager hand,
It fades. 'Tis gone! Alone we stand!

Alone? Ah, no! A brighter, fairer prize
Is still before us, though far off it lies.

The journey is not ended, but begun—
Another battle, e'er the victory's won!

And when that's gained, perchance, the mind,
Strengthened by struggle, a higher aim we'll find.

Our dreams and striving were in vain,
Did not each spur us on to try again.

That star's but dim, whose long-sought light
Leads not to one still greater, and more bright.

—*Helen L. Kolb.*

IN MEMORIAM

Agnes (Fiester) Barnes, 1893
Royal Morton, 1910
Philip Waldeck, 1916

OUR INITIATION



EBRUARY 16, a Valentine party was given by the High School. This party had more than one purpose, but the main one was the initiation of the Freshmen. Of course, many of the Freshmen expected something, but some of us expected it more than others, some not at all, but the Freshman B's expected something terrible. But none of us knew for sure.

When all who were coming had arrived, games and other amusements were started. We played until about 9:45. Then Mr. Worthington called us to order and assigned each class to a different room. He gave the Freshmen the hottest room that could be found. We were told that this was to be a game of "competition." We were so hot in this room that we raised the window, only to be frozen. We had been so busy trying to keep warm that we had not noticed how quickly the time was passing. Finally Kenneth Carlton and Leonard Nelson came and asked for Harry Hawke. He went away, but did not return. After a while Milton Thompson and Raymond Kostbade came and asked for George Gill. He went also, but didn't return. After several of these strange disappearances, the remaining Freshies began to be very much mystified. We had already thought that perhaps the others were going to initiate us, but we didn't know. After we were so cold that we couldn't stand it we put the window down, only to begin to suffocate again. At last Milton and Ray came again, and this time I went with them. The first table I came to was occupied by Will Wollenberg. He asked my name and I told him. He then commanded me to put my hand in a large pan of black; I rebelled. Milton forced my hand into it, thus causing it to be all black. Next I was told to put my hand into a large pail of water. This I did readily, thinking I would get the black off, but alas! I received a shock that nearly sent me over, but Ray caught me. I was then very much excited, but remember being taken to a table where they told me I had bad eyes, and the man at this table told us all that he didn't see how such blind Freshies could walk, since we had such bad eyes. We were then taken to a table where they gave us something to eat. I didn't eat any, but I afterward learned it was red pepper.

The next table was occupied by Willard Dorman. He told me my temperature and told me I had hydrophobia and mange and that my temperature was 117½ degrees. The next and last table was occupied by John Martin, Hosea Bayor and Wynne Thompson. It was at this table that I and all the others received the real part of the initiation. John and Hosea first wet my face while Wynne held me to the chair by means of a burlap sack tied around my neck. After my face was wet something soft was rubbed on each cheek, John on one side and Hosea on the other. I was then allowed to go free, and upon looking into the mirror I found that my face was red and green all over, and such was the case with all the others. Then came the scrubbing, and such scrubbing was done that all that evening and the next day those eighteen Freshies had sore faces. Upon going back to the gymnasium to the games we were all greeted with a smile and these words,

"You are now full-fledged High School members." But it was not all over, as I thought it was, for just as I came around the corner a shower of chalk came from unseen hands upon my head. This was the last of such performances for the evening, though games were played until about eleven o'clock. Delicious refreshments were then served.

Wynne Thompson passed a bottle that contained some colored liquid. He told everyone to smell, and everyone seemed to think that it possessed a very disagreeable odor. I finally received it and at first was backward in smelling, but at last I did, and was surprised to find that it was nothing but color paint and water put in the bottle as a mixture to fool the Freshies. Suddenly paper plates and pop corn began to fly about the gymnasium and a battle was waged for a few minutes. About 11:45 we decided to go home, so home we went, everyone happy, having had a splendid time.

—*Lucille Veal, '20.*

THE CHRISTMAS TREAT



EFORE the nineteen seventeen Christmas, our Manual Training boys were working very industriously, under the careful guidance of Mr. Epps, with something we could not understand nor even guess at.

On the Friday before Christmas, Mrs. Ballantyne's class gave a program, and all mothers and friends had assembled. After the program the children were informed that Santa Claus would arrive in a few minutes; then their attention was drawn toward the Nickel Plate tracks, and they saw Old Nick driving across the creek, headed for the school. Words could not express the excitement of the tots.

Finally, Santa entered the school room, and after him he pulled two large sleds, piled high with something that seemed very mysterious. After a short speech, he distributed the contents of these to the children. For every little girl he had a doll cradle and for every little boy a gun. This proved to be the work of the Manual Training boys, who were led on and greatly encouraged by Mr. Epps, who told them of its worth, meaning, and what its outcome was sure to be, for he well knew how the boys would be satisfied when they saw the appreciation of their work by the children. This Christmas work must surely be considered very practical, and with that, it teaches how acts of kindness can be rendered at the same time.

From here Santa Claus went into Miss White's room, where he received as hearty a welcome from these children. He presented each boy with a top and each girl with a ball. Thanks seemed to beam forth from their eyes.

The Manual Training boys certainly were pleased with the pleasure they had brought, and felt that they had been well paid for their work, although it grew tiresome at times, working on the same things so steady, but it was carried out by Mr. Epps' encouragement. He, with the help of the boys, certainly planned a delightful success.



CLASS PROPHECY



NE day, after being all worn out trying to teach some college girls "how to cook and sew," I sat down before my fire-place and my thoughts drifted back to my happy high school days and classmates of 1917. Way off in some large city in Germany I saw Elsa Gruel, working faithfully as the head nurse of a large hospital. She was dressed all in white, with cap and apron; her appearance alone was a cure for the sick.

Then in contrast arose before me a great splendor, foot-lights, a happy appreciative audience. Before them was our classmate, Ella Rossow, having won the highest fame, and people from far and near flocked to hear her sing.

While meditating, I heard a soft knock, and I went to the door to see Mrs. Ruth Miller Astor, one of the happiest women on earth. She sat down with me, telling me of her wealthy husband and three beautiful children. She had not a care on earth.

We picked up a paper, and the whole front page with headlines told about the presidential election, filled with the speeches and views of the independent president-elect, Algot Nelson, who in school days gave us proofs of his real worth and high ideals.

Ruth then told of a letter she had just received from Clara Linkhart, saying she is the chairman of Associated Charities in New York and of the love of her work. We always knew of her business ability, combined with a very generous heart, and we know with these qualifications she cannot help being successful and appreciated.

Ruth also told of her used-to-be Ainsworth neighbor, Will Wollenberg, who is now the president of the First National Bank at Gary, Indiana. Didn't we always know he had his mind set on being a prosperous business man?

Just then Geneva Gill, the world-famous chemist, came rushing in, almost wild over the success of a late, new experiment all of her own. After finally recovering from this, on seeing Ruth, she told of her work here in the same college as myself. Geneva's ability in chemistry in our High School days was always a source of pride to the Seniors.

Mrs. Gladys Flynn Birmingham, the great leader of the Civic club in New Orleans, had a large account of her undertakings and work in the paper. Little did we ever realize that one of we 1917'ers would rise to this worthy position.

Geneva then showed us a catalogue of Wynne Thompson's large clothing store in New York City. He is a prosperous business man, with every accomplishment. We learned to depend on Wynne's good judgment during our school days, which proves this is his choice of business occupation.

We also have gotten in touch with Miss Grace Henderson, who now is the head milliner in a "Paris Hat Shop." She always had this as an ideal, and thru effort she has reached her goal, which surely is an honor in this day and age. In most any "movie of fashions" you see the work of our classmate. She always has been a person of a strong will and mind, and this has brought fame for her.

—*Helen Wild*, 17.



JUNIOR A'S

BOTANICAL REVIEW OF THE JUNIOR A'S

My class seems to me to be a group of miscellaneous flowers, here mixing in daily contact are flowers with widely different tastes and habits:

The sunflower of our garden
Is Esther, our president.
She has oft in times of troubles
Her help toward us bent.

In a little bed of pansies,
With heads erect and bright,
Laura and Grace, our devoted twins,
Send out their two-fold light.

More scientific than most,
She stands off here alone,
Delving in earth's most precious things,
Evelyn, the rose of our home.

There are hidden things beneath
That little blooming rose,
Sweetness is not the only trait
That in Vera's nature grows.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit is silent
And somber as any man
When Margaret starts to orate,
For this is our earthly plan.

Independent as a violet,
Regardless of the soil,
Lolita is striving onward
Without any fuss or turmoil.

I would that I could tell you
Of that imperishable art,
So like our garden perennials,
Lives and grows in Florence's heart.

And there is Dora, our favorite,
Who love 'round our hearts entwine;
So like the trailing arbutus
That blooms in the sweet spring-time.

Standing behind them all,
The background of our girls,
Are the boys whose mighty call
Will be heard in many worlds.

There is Hosea, John and Ralph,
All members of this group,
Who would have thought, but we,
Their destinies with the great to loop.

—Mary Gearhart, '18.



JUNIOR B

Emma Carstensen—
The president of our class, the "imp" who makes Florence giggle, and the founder of "beauty spot" day.

Willard Dorman—
Willard isn't afraid to bum. We surely thank him for playing the trombone in our play. "Bill" is very popular with the girls in our room.

Grace Smalley—
Grace never talks much, but in H. S. it's the people who don't talk that get the grades.

Kenneth Carlton—
Kenneth hails from Wisconsin. We understand he is going to leave us soon. Kenneth's hobby is making speeches in Public Speaking.

Wilma Cullman—
Inventor of the famous "Cullman System" in Algebra, and our shining star in any subject.

Martha Mackey—
"Doc's" favorite pastime is doing nothing. She is the sunshine of our class.

Evelene Ols—
Evelene's tardiness is due to her means of travel. She usually says, "The horse did not navigate fast enough!" Her favorite by-word is, "When shall we three meet again?"

Anna Hideen—
Our "pious little Swedish girl!" What is the attraction at her church? We wonder! "Dinny" will again represent our class in the oratorical contest this year.

Leonard Nelson—
Our hunter! In fact, Leonard would rather hunt than study Latin. How about it, Len?

Clarence McAfee—
"Mac" is going to be an orator, we're sure of that, because he began his career in our play.

Edwin Haller—
Edwin indulges in multifarious expressions to our "erudite instructor of phraseology."

Luther Larson—
There are a lot of good things we can say about "Lucy," but the best thing we can say about him is that he has a nice smile.

Florence Joy—
The professional giggler of our class. Also we wish to mention that Flossie's favorite subject is Geometry.

Viola Puettjer—
Vi is our dear "little" big girl and is very obliging, for doesn't she patiently play for our chorus? She is often found reading a little magazine called the "J." We wonder why it is so interesting.

—Viola Puettjer, '18.



FRESHMAN A AND SOPHOMORE B

Men will come and men will go,
But few we'll see like Gretchen
So full of fun for a good time,
But you'll never catch her cheating.

If Ava takes it into her head
To do a certain thing,
You may be sure she'll get there, for
She is just the girl who can.

We'll never forget the good "eats" we enjoyed
At St. Patrick's High School party;
George surely was there with, "Do have some more,"
And, believe me, we ate very hearty.

Of all the wiggly, giggly girls,
Lucille has them all beaten;
To watch her long, you'd have to squeal
At the funny antics of Miss L. Veal.

Robert's a boy whom we all love so dear;
Believe me, for I am not joking.
You must not say "Boo" to his face, or he'll think
At him with your fun you are poking.

Esther rides to school in a bus,
And if she is late she raises such a fuss;
One should really to school love to come,
But if we had our way, far away we would run.

To hear Frank Hartnup, our Boy Scout,
Plan how he would fight and defend
You would be sure to think he had courage to lend.

If innocent mischief were counted as good,
And by all means, I think that it should,
To Helen Linkhart the prize would sure be
A pair of gold-tipped, diamond-set wings.

If silence is golden, then Rudolph is rich,
For at conversing he's as dry as a chip,
But when he plays that piano "forte"
It evens him up with the girls who are naughty.

If neatness counts, and it surely should,
This girl Frieda would get the best mark;
Her hair and her dress must be just so,
And even then she is not so slow.

From Ainsworth we are favored by another one,
Who is none other than "Will's father's son."
The teachers have found it needless to urge
This brother of William, Ed Wollenberg.

In Botany Mary is sure to be heard;
Making some quiz that is really absurd;
And into the depths of the forest she leads
The Camp Fire Girls in search of her needs.

Ray Kostbade we all dearly love,
Because to him we all look for our letters of love.
His "papa" is postmaster here in this town,
And should we not get one, on him we do frown.

A last one to be late there always must be,
And this "honor" is given to Margaret,
For that is her name;
But to be always tardy is really a shame.

If you are looking for an inventor,
Arthur Hamann, it seems,
Just has his head full of all kinds of schemes.

Don't make a mistake, for Marion Friend
Is not a Quaker, so that is the end.

Last, but not least, is Milton M. T;
We're thinking some day he a professor will be;
But we pity the girls he is to teach,
For now to none will he ever speak.

—Ava Tolle, '20; Gretchen Shore, '20.



FRESHMAN B'S.

Elmer is a bright boy, so they say,
If grammar were not in his way.

Florence is jolly and full of fun;
She's ready for play when the work is done.

Sweet Selma, who is chuck full of good cheer,
Is the pride of the Freshman class this year.

Mildred is kind and loving and dear,
And wherever she goes she takes good cheer.

Dorothy is quiet, good and true;
She blushes whenever she looks at you.

Lois knows some Latin, so they say,
And there's no doubt she'll make it pay.

Raphael, who is very small,
Believes in doing well or not at all.

Harry is small, as you all see,
Some day he'll be a full fledged man in pharmacy.

Edna a German teacher will be,
And then she'll live in Germany.

Lillian Hall, so they say,
Went riding one bright summer day.

Some day Gladys will do all she can
To make happy some lonely young man.

Lillian Canavan, who makes these rhymes,
Is always ready for any good times.

—Lillian Canavan, '21.

BAKING DAY

ONE day several summers ago Edra awoke and found her mother had left for the city where Edra's uncle lived. He had been very sick and called Edra's mother early in the morning.

Edra was ten years old, but small for her age. She had black, curly hair and dark eyes that fairly snapped. On Sunday she wore her hair in curls, but for week days at home she braided the front hair on each side of her head, looped the tight braids and tied them with bright red ribbons. She wore blue and white sack aprons at home, but in the afternoon when she had her work done she put on a white apron. She wore tan sandals.

Edra was a busy little body and very handy about the kitchen, so she helped her father prepare the breakfast. After he had gone to the field to work and told his "little hired girl," as he called Edra, what to do towards the dinner, Edra washed the dishes.

While washing the dishes she noticed the bread mixer, which contained the sponge her mother had mixed the night before. She didn't know what to do, but supposed she would have to leave it go. After she swept the floors she looked at the mixer, wondering what to do, when a thought struck her.

Edra got her mother's cook book and started to find a recipe for bread. There were "cakes," next "cookies." She turned the pages and looked at the headlines, "Pastries," "Soups," (didn't mother have a recipe?) "Fish," "Other Meats, Eggs, Preserves, Pickles, (my, this is slow work!), Breakfast, and Tea Dishes, Menus, Bread," (why it was the last one). Now she wondered if she could find the recipe her mother used. She read down the list, "Boston Brown Bread, Graham Bread, Ginger Bread, Wheat Bread." (At last!!) the recipe was as follows: 1 cake yeast dissolved in 1 quart luke-warm water, enough flour to make a sponge. (Yes.) Add one quart luke-warm water, three tablespoons lard, three tablespoons salt, one-half cup sugar, four quarts flour and enough more to stiffen the dough.

Now! She rolled up her sleeves in a business-like way. She followed the directions closely. When the dough was stiff she set the bread mixer in a pan of luke-warm water and looked into the mixer only every five minutes to see if it was light. She cut the bread into four equal parts and made even loaves. When they were in greased pans, with melted butter rubbed over the top, she set them in a warm place to rise. When they were light she put them in the oven to bake. The cook book said, "bake for three-fourths of an hour," but Edra knew her mother baked the bread for one whole hour, because she had kept time for her. When the bread was done she put it on the moulding board to cool, and put more butter in the crust to soften it. The cook book didn't say to do this, but her mother did it, so it was all right.

The loaves surely looked glossy when her mother returned with—wonder of wonders—who but Miss Audry Smith, her former school teacher, whom Edra admired more than any other of her friends?

Edra forgot about her bread until her mother brought a plate of it to the supper table and said, "I want you to try some of the bread Edra baked today," and Miss Smith's smile, when she sampled the shiny loaf, was reward enough.

—Evelene Ols, '19.

A SKETCH OF PIONEER LIFE

IN THE year of 1835 a man by the name of John Wood started from the heart of what is now Andover, Massachusetts, for the wonderful West he had heard so much about. He came part of the way on one of the first railroads in this country. After a long, tiresome journey, he arrived in Chicago, at that time a little village.

He did not wish to make his home in Chicago, so he went on. The roads were so muddy he could hardly travel. At last, however, he came to the most wonderful spot he had ever seen. He remembered hearing the French explorers tell about what they rightly called the "Flower Garden of the World," for he had never seen so much color in one place. It was as though some one had dropped a paint pot full of many colors. He hesitated to step for fear he would crumple some dainty blossom. The massive trees were covered with grape vines and roses. At last he came to a sparkling river, and with man's keen instinct he thought, "What a splendid place for a mill." He named it Deepriver.

He bought some land from the Indians, and with a great deal of hard work he planted wheat and started his mill. The next year he went back to his old home to get his wife and two little sons. Their names were Nathan and Augustus, and during all of their long lives, for both were over eighty when they died, they never forgot the time when they came to their new home in Indiana.

The boys played with the Indians and grew very fond of them. Twice every year hundreds of Indians would come in their birch bark canoes to a place we call the "Indian Mound" and build an enormous fire, and around it would perform their war dances. Their whoops often frightened the little mother and the boys, but they cheerfully worked and played in their new home, so different from the one in the East.

Often the wife would have the dinner she had prepared for her family on the table, when some big, stalwart Indians would come into the house, one taking all the potatoes, another the meat. Then the little wife would cry, for it was hard to get a big dinner ready and then have these red savages take it all; but she would cook another dinner, and the next day she would find on her door step a great string of fish, geese, or a venison put there by the Indians who had taken her dinner.

They lived and died here, and in the course of years many people came and settled in the surrounding country. One of the boys started a store.

The mill is standing, and was run for many years by one of the sons. But the spot is no longer an exquisite picture, for men have destroyed the flowers and the trees. The river is still there; but it, too, has lost the beauty of the former years. However, if you take a boat and go up the river, you may find one little nook that remains untouched.

—Dorothy Wood, '19.

THE SECRET FUDGE PARTY

SILENCE, please," called the president of the "Good Times Club," and to emphasize her demand, she rapped loudly on the desk with her yard stick.

The members of the G. T. C. suddenly straightened up in their seats and gazed with surprise at their emphatic president.

"Now, the question at issue," began the president, "is whether or not we will have that fudge party next Tuesday night at the old deserted cabin across the river." Loud cries of "Aye," "Of course," and "Why, certainly," came from the members.

There was more emphatic pounding with her yard stick, and then the president continued, "All in favor signify by raising your hands, please." Every hand was promptly raised. "Very well," said the president, "meet at my room at 10:35 Thursday night, please."

Just then a gong sounded, and the eight girls scattered to their respective classes. The president, Liz Deep, picked up her books and hurried down the corridor to the English class room. When she arrived at the door she heard Miss Lacy, the English teacher, inquire for her. Liz opened the door and sang out as she marched in, "Here." Miss Lacy's eyes snapped, but she only said, "I wish you would try to be on time, Miss Deep."

To which Liz answered, "Yes, Ma'am." The girls giggled, at which Miss Lacy rapped for order and the class progressed.

Miss Brown's Select School for Young Ladies was situated on the banks of the beautiful Pawnee river, and the girls at this school had the advantage of practical studies; the home life of the school was also well recommended.

But all schools, no matter how well recommended, have a series of set rules, and Miss Brown's was no exception. One of these delightful rules was, that all lights be out at 10:15, but the girls at Miss Brown's loved to violate this rule.

Eight of the boldest members had gotten together and formed a club which they called the "Good Times Club." They met on certain nights after 10:15 in each others' rooms and carried out their plans.

Miss Brown, of course, was ignorant of this proceeding, but Miss Lacy, who had charge of this corridor, had gotten inklings of it, but she knew nothing definite, so wisely kept her peace.

Thursday night arrived, and at 10:35 seven girls met in Liz's big roomy single. "I told Joe to have the horses down by the bridge at 11:00 without fail," whispered Nell.

"Well, let's pull our cloaks well around us and scramble out of Liz's window on to the porch, and then we can jump to the ground," advised Dora.

They decided to accept this plan, and hastened to carry it out. They mounted as quickly as

they could, and after reminding Joe to be there at 12:00, they cantered over the bridge with giggles of delight.

"I do hope the boys will be on time," said Marjorie, and she hoped aright, for when they arrived at the cabin some time later, they were met by eight boys, who were students at DuPont, a young men's school situated across the river from Miss Brown's.

Within the cabin a fire was burning brightly, and Liz prepared to make the fudge in her chafing dish. One of the boys struck up a tune on a ukelele and the rest of the company amused themselves dancing.

It was a quarter to twelve when they were all sitting around the fire, silently eating fudge, that one of the boys watching at the window whispered hurriedly, "I see someone coming up the river in a row-boat; the moon shines on the paddles, and they are heading straight for the landing below the cabin. We had better 'break up.'"

At this Liz snatched her chafing dish and the company hurried out to where the horses stood. Hurriedly mounting, and as hurriedly saying, "Good Night," they parted at the cross roads and the girls hurried home.

At the bridge they were met by the obliging Joe, who took their horses. The girls scampered to their rooms, where they arrived at 12:15 without arousing anyone, and the sighs of relief were numerous.

Meanwhile at the cabin Miss Lacy and Mr. Burdge, president at Du Pont, were trying to find out how a chafing dish cover and a ukelele happened to be found there.

"Well, we won't worry about it now," said the president, "but I think I have seen this ukelele before. As to the chafing dish cover, I don't know anything about it; perhaps you do."

Miss Lacy replied that she knew nothing definite, but she said she would not be surprised if it happened to belong to one of the girls at Miss Brown's. "I will take it along, however, and report the finding of it. The owner will evidently call for it, and then it will be time enough to ask questions."

The next day at Miss Brown's the girls noticed on the "Lost and Found" lists that a chafing dish cover might be had by inquiring for it at Miss Lacy's office. Likewise, on the Du Pont board it was noticed by the students that a ukelele had been found and was now at the president's office.

But strange to say, the owners of both the chafing dish cover and the ukelele never put in an appearance to reclaim the lost articles, and the fudge party at the old cabin remained a profound secret.

But Liz was heard to say that "Miss Lacy and Mr. Burdge might keep her chafing dish cover and Ralph's ukelele to start housekeeping with," for all she cared.

—Ella Rossow, '17.

THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

"YES, we have a great many stories to tell of the war," said the doctor, who had just returned from Europe, and who was the center of an interested group of listeners. "One, which I especially recall, happened in a little station, not many miles out of Berlin. We were returning home at news of the unexpected break with Germany. Our party consisted of nurses and surgeons, and an American staff correspondent, who was employed by the New York Star. He joined our party with a young nurse in Berlin. They were both very young and seemed to be under our protection.

"We were waiting for our passports to be approved before we could go on. Outside we could hear the steady tramp of the soldiers, back and forth. The dingy little station seemed filled with them.

"Suddenly a group of soldiers pushed through the crowd, seized the young man and took him away. We were very much surprised and could only learn that his passports were unsatisfactory. We looked toward the nurse; her face was pale. She turned toward us with a helpless look of appeal. 'Can't—can't you do something?' she asked the head surgeon. 'You won't let them take him away?'

"But the head surgeon was silent, and we moved about uncomfortably. We did not know the young people, but they were depending on us. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. 'Yes, I can do something,' he said, and he pushed his way through the excited crowd to the commanding officer's room. We followed after him. He had done a great service to them, for he had healed more than one wounded soldier, and they felt indebted to him. So when he spoke his word was law.

"He looked through the door and saw the young fellow in a group of armed soldiers. When they saw the surgeon enter they became silent. 'Release him,' he said. 'He came with us when we

crossed. He is an American and employed by a New York newspaper. I'll vouch for him.' The general bowed and delivered him to us.

"We hastened away, and when we were safe on our way to London, he and the nurse explained. 'We are Canadians,' he said to the head surgeon. 'I was ordered by my commander to spy on the German troops until I received certain information. If you had not helped me I would probably have been killed. I am very grateful. The nurse is my wife. Again we thank you. I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never repay.' The girl stood beaming by his side with such a look of happiness that the old doctor turned his head away to conceal the treacherous mist in his eyes. But we saw and smiled to ourselves.

"When we reached England there was a crowd of anxious people to meet us, who, when they heard the story, could not do enough for us. We left them on the shore, and that was the last we saw of them as they stood waving good-bye while the ship drew farther and farther from the shore, and they became dim against the land. The strip of green water grew larger and larger, and as we looked at the beaming face of the old doctor, we knew he was glad he had saved another life.'"

—Florence Pio, '18.



Mr. Foreman, or "Uncle Bill," as he is known to all who have ever been in Hobart High, has been here as long as we have—and longer. He is now engineer. We all know where to go when we want anything done, and never has he refused to do any favor for us. For his many favors we wish here to express our appreciation.

LETTERS FROM ALUMNI

St. Petersburg, Florida, March 29, 1917.
Class of 1917:

This having been my first visit to the "Sunshine City," as St. Petersburg is called, I have been more than delighted with what I have found. There are flowers everywhere one may look, and the orange and grape-fruit groves are most wonderful. The beach is very fine, and you'll find people there most all winter. The pelicans are a source of great amusement to the tourists, and it is quite a study to sit on the pier and watch them dive for the fish. The fishing is very good, and a great variety of fish are caught. There are great schools of porpoises that play in the Tampa Bay. I hope some day you may all take the trip.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Hubert Bullock, '97.

———o———

Hammond, Ind., March 28, 1917.
Class of 1917:

Your letter was duly received, and as a member of the second class graduated from the Hobart High School, I send greetings to the members of the class of 1917. I trust that the members of this class, as well as every pupil of the Hobart Schools, will fully appreciate the training for future usefulness they have received from this school.

As you are advised, the Alumni Association has seen fit to present to the Hobart High School a medal to be given to the student attaining the highest scholastic excellence, by means of which they hope to promote a school spirit between the graduated pupils and the school. I hope that every person having any connection with the Hobart school system will participate in the giving of this medal.

Wishing the Hobart Schools every possible success and the Class of 1917, I am,

Very truly yours,
Grace R. Conroy, '91.

———o———

Kent, Ohio, April 20, 1917.
Dear Editor-in-Chief:

Your cordial letter, with its invitation to write a letter for the "Aurora" to aid your class in recording "the triumphs of the past," pleased me greatly. I am glad to do my little share toward confirming your belief that "the members of the Alumni still have an interest in the activities of their Alma Mater."

Frankly, my interest has been kept alive—in addition to those forces which are at the base of the interest of every Alumnus—by three adorable "Pink Ts" such as only the class of 1914 can give. At two of these delightful functions I was present, and enjoyed the "feed" and the company at close range. When the third was given I was unfortunate enough to be about a hundred miles away—but thanks to Uncle Sam and his parcels post, and certain others, I enjoyed, a few days later, the sandwiches, cake, pickles, olives, candy and lollypops, just as if I had been present. And still some folks doubt the statement that there is a lively feeling of fellowship amongst us Alumni!

Certainly every Alumnus has felt the thrill of peculiar pleasure that comes while reading of the activities of the old H. H. S., and living over again in the experience of each succeeding class his own High School days. Oh, no! The Alumni have not—in fact, cannot—lose their interest in the old school and its doings.

Now as to the "triumphs of the past." It seems to me that there is one triumph which has been in the past, is now, and I feel sure shall continue to be in the future. It is a very real triumph, although it carries with it no medal or banner. It is an important triumph, although it is rarely mentioned. It is more worth while than all the other triumphs combined, because it affects directly the life of every student. That triumph—the one really big triumph—is the successful and continued maintenance of the highest standards of quality. I firmly believe that the quality of the course given at Hobart High School is unsurpassed by any school, bar none. Others may give a course of wider scope, commanding as they do, far greater resources, but in Quality and its constant maintenance, Hobart High School always has been, and is now, second to none.

This is, I believe, one important reason why all her Alumni are proud to wear the Royal Purple and Gold, and are glad to welcome each new class to their membership.

Very sincerely,
Geo. H. White,
H. H. S., 1914.

———o———

Gary, Ind., April 19, 1917.
Geneva M. Gill, Editor-in-Chief The "Aurora":

I have been asked to contribute something towards your annual as an alumnus. In my efforts to do this my thoughts have roamed with me away back to 1900 and even before that to 1896, when I was a young Freshman in the Hobart Township High School.

Besides the fact that I must be getting old, it seems hard to realize that 17 years have elapsed since the class of '00 went forth from the High School. I remember that our class of ten was the largest that at that time had ever graduated from the Hobart High School. Most of you at that time were just learning to walk.

I can well remember the little event in the fall of 1896 which made me make up my mind to enter High School. Upon that event depended my completing the High School course, and that in turn has decided my subsequent career. I cannot express in words how much I appreciate now my completion of the High School course. During the time we are in High School our minds are forming their lasting ideas and ideals, and wholesome environment and good training then counts more than the same amount either before or after. Upon you who now have that privilege of the completion of your High School course I heap special congratulations.

Altho I felt when leaving High School in 1900 that I knew it all, I had a sort of innate curiosity to know more and find out what was going on in college. After teaching for two years, or trying to teach, rather, I decided to enter Valparaiso University, which was the nearest one at that time. It was then called the Northern Indiana Normal School, but changed its name to Valparaiso College while I was there. After having had six terms of very delightful learning and fellowship, I decided to go back to teaching again, altho I had decided to quit when entering college. Strange to say, my experience in teaching since that time has been entirely different than before, and I attribute my success, what little there was, to my training while at college; not so much to the learning from books as the mingling with people and receiving the necessary knocks.

I have been teaching ever since with an ever increasing enjoyment of the work. During a few of the summers and at intervals in my teaching, I have taken time off in order to further pursue courses in the University. I completed courses for the A. B. and Pd. B. degrees at Valparaiso in 1910, obtained the A. B. degree at Indiana University in 1911, the M. A. at Wisconsin University in 1913, and am now working towards the Doctorate at Chicago.

After leaving Wisconsin in 1913, I began teaching here at Gary, this being my fourth year. I can truly say that I enjoy teaching here, if there is such a thing as enjoying one's profession. New ways of doing old things are being discovered every year here in our schools, and that is what makes life worth while.

Shall endeavor to teach this summer if the war does not claim me.

Thanking you for the opportunity of writing in your "Aurora," I am, sincerely, an Alumnus of '00,

J. T. Johnson.

P. S.—By way of information to my fellow Alumni, I should add that I am still maintaining a state of singleness, and the chances for a change are worse now than ever, in view of the war situation.

ALUMNI

1889

*Carrie Banks

1891

Grace (Rifenburg) Conroy
*Mamie Jory
William Portmess

1892

L. Victor Seydel
Menta (Mander) Williamson
Emily (Ammerman) Alexander
Arthur Roper
Mary (Gordon) Ballantyne

1893

*Howard Gordon
*Agnes (Fiester) Barnes

1894

*Ida Lutz
Mamie Hancock
Thomas Roper
Hattie (Belt) Wellock

1895

Amanda (Triebess) Robinson
Edward Harney
*Hugh Thompson
Arthur Cook
Floyd Bayor
Robert Roper

1896

Pearle (Banks) Lutz
Clara (Peterson) Foss
*Edwin Gordon
Pearl (Kent) Beltzhoover

1897

Mary Portmess
Daisy (Lambert) Bullock
Norma (Scholler) Samuelson
Laura (Nitchman) Keyes
Ruth Portmess
Mary (Roper) Strong

1898

May Cheney
Teckla (Anderson) Ceander
Luther Roper

1899

Bliss (Roper) Newman
Martha (Harrison) Brown
Myrtle (Banks) Iddings
Charles Blank

1900

Lillian (Blank) Baker
John Johnson
Laura (Johnson) Irish
Jennie (Crockett) Irwin
Joseph Mundell
Clara Peterson
Charlotte (Roper) Young
*Bernard Peterson
Dora (Stauffer) Halstead
Esther (Blank) Myers

1901

Joseph Johnson
Mabel (Rowe) Butler
Bessie (Banks) Idle
Albin Hazelgreen
Ella (Nelson) Carlson
Anna (Michelsen) Morton
William Crockett

1902

Vieva Scoffern
Dwight Mackey
Arthur Carnduff
Esther (Nelson) Williams
Philip Roper
Elvira (Larson) Ewing
Ruth (Bullock) Mackey

1903

Alla (Rhodes) Carnduff
Nettie (Londenburg) Dawson

1904

Lena Michelsen
Anne (Fleck) Ingram
Sena Borger
Cora (Ragen) Maybaum
Blanche Quinnell
Bessie Hayward
Howard Carlson
Harte Mundell
Frank Reissig
William Warchus
Ellen Malone
Cora (Saxton) Papke
Paulina (Marquardt) Newman

1905

Floyd Saxton
Elsa Wettengel
Agnes (Carnduff) Knappenberger
Gilbert Bullock
Marie Johnson
Beatrice Quinnell
Charles L. Jahnke
Oliver Bullock
Floyd Scholler
Clara Fleck
Edna (Mundell) Troehler
William Killigrew
Harry Parker

1906

Olga (Neef) Bullock
Eva (Deutsche) Fulton
William Sholl
Ruth Boal
Jennie (Carlson) Quackenbush
Laura (Reissig) Bracken
Henrietta (Gibson) Groves
Gladys (Henderson) Parker
Laura Lennertz

1907

*Howard Halsted
Genevieve Gibson
Agnes Williams
Lily (Jahnke) Milling
Lea (Scholler) Oaks
Amanda (Bullock) Carr
Eunice Roper
Eric Carlson
Cecil Peterson
Esther Boal
Eva (Odell) Diedle
Ethel Frank
Beatrice Drew
Alice Mundell
Lucy Mander
Kathleen (Killigrew) Hake
Floyd Banks

1908

Thomas Michelsen
Julia (Fleck) Griffin
Ralph Wood
Hazel (Lewis) Myrick
Florence Banks
Gertrude (Sweetig) Reeder
Viola Wall
Nettie Kraft
Alice Struebing
William Marquardt
Ella (Carpenter) Covalt
Julia (Peterson) Moberg
Martha (Heck) Rupp
Lillian (Rossow) Hasselbar
Gladys (Mackey) Woods

1909

Henrietta J. Harms
Emily E. Bracken
Deering D. Melin
Lenna L. Peddicord
*Theressa G. (Butts) Halliday
Fred W. Frank
Helen Mackey
Gladys P. (East) Spry
Lizzie Klausen
Lillie (Rose) Scholler
Hattie C. Papka
Margaret (Bullock) Killigrew

1910

Bessie Banks
*Royal Morton
George Tabbert
Ellwyn Roper
Lyda (Traeger) Ingram
John Killigrew
Ethel (Crockett) Hickman
William Traeger
Mildred (Neef) Scott
Henry Harms
Edna (Seydel) Tree
Edna Traeger
Margaret Boldt
George Tree
Beth Swanson

1911

Marguerite Swanson
Isa (Bullock) Jeffries
Emma Gruel
Herbert Hartnup
Alice Larson
Rose (Phillips) Stevens
Carl Lennertz
Almaida (Johnston) Taylor
Bertha Kraft
Paul Bruebach
Cora (Demmon) Hack
Elsie Rose
Hugo Fifield
Matilda Harms
Edna Borger
Fred Weaver
Alvina Krausse

1912

Doris White
Benjamin Smith
Ruth (Johnson) Thompson
Edith M. Chase
Leon Killigrew
Hazel Halsted
Minnie H. Traeger
Arthur Johnson
Katherine Ramenstein
Mabel E. Traeger
Harold E. Tabbert
Hazel Strom
Lawrence C. Traeger, Jr.
Ella (Londenberg) Rowe
John C. Fleck
Cecil (Martin) Sensenbaugh
Leroy Ramenstein
Bliss (Shearer) Emery
Gordon Price
Clara B. Mayhak
William A. Fleck

1913

Ruth S. (Thompson) Douglas
Ralph G. Banks
Fred W. Rose
Lightner G. Wilson
Gladys A. Maxwell
Edith E. Ream
Forrest Crisman
Bertha C. Busse
Ralph Kraft
Olive E .Wood
Walfred L. Carlson

1914

Ruth Smith
George White
Loretta Malone
Hazel (Stevens) Hill
Alice (Sarver) Melin
Edna Scheidt
Dorothy Thomas
Mayme Barnes
Everett Newman
Ethel Halsted

1915

Elnora Carlson
Marie Scheidt
Agnes Lennertz
Helen Smith
Helen Rose
Bess Johnson
Bessie Ols
Lyda Fulton
Mary Thompson
Frieda Nagel

1916

Isabel White
Gladys E. Snyder
*Phillip Waldeck
Thersia C. Chester
George Raymond Wood
Jennie C. Chester
Harry O. Carlson
Florence A. Strom
Howard Redding
Lillian Keilman
Myrtle Wild
Myrtle (Nelson) Sitzenstock
Mildred Tabbert
Lola B. Barnes
Pearl Ols
Mabel Fulton

*Deceased.



CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

5—School opens.
7—School starts at 8:30 hereafter.
7—Seniors have class meeting to elect officers.
8—Ella decides she does not believe in love, "since it has never struck her."
13—First accident in chemistry.
15—Ella treats the Seniors to an apple.
17—Bright Freshie writes his name on the board, "Frau Gill." (Mrs. Gill.)
28—Everyone takes home a lot of books. There's a reason.
29—Tests all day.
30—Annual officers chosen.

OCTOBER

3—Ruth treats the editors to kisses. (Only candy ones.)
4—Grace Murray falls off Bill Wollenberg's automobile.
5—Princess Neawanna speaks to High School in auditorium.
6—Wynne falls asleep in third period.
9—Juniors get their class rings.
10—Junior-Senior party at Ella's.
12—Bill has recovered from his sadness of yesterday.
13—Mr. Worthington sings a solo in chemistry.
13—Clara goes to the store to get a "Hamlet" and the man wants to sell her a hammock.
16—Dora and Lolita have a quarrel. Ruth is the referee. No one hurt.
17—Algot discusses love at great length in English.
18—Chlorine in chemistry! ! !
18—Seniors play tag.
23—Seniors have spelling lesson in American History.
25—Helen Wild tries to break her neck over Bill's little (?) feet.
30—Three Juniors and Seniors have moving day. Nicht wahr, Grace Murray?
31—Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER

1—Florence Pio arrives ten minutes before the bell.
6—Registration day in High School. Also campaign speeches.
7—Election day.
8—Grace and Elsie have explosion in chemistry. Great excitement, but no one was hurt.
10—First number of the Lyceum Course—The Georgia Jubilee.
13—Mr. H. Scriver talks to the High School.
13—Senior to the front.
14—First storm. Everyone comes to school frozen.
15—Junior bow (or beau) day.
15—Clara receives a thank-offering from the Seniors.
17—Geneva gets a chance to teach.
20—Pig-tail day. All the girls in High School wear their hair in braids.
20—Bill has serious accident in Chem.
21—Margaret gives a demonstration of military marching.
23—Laura gives the Juniors a scare. She carries so many books home that they think she is going to quit, but there's a reason, nicht wahr, Laura?
24—Tests, of course.
27—Seniors seem to have turned anarchists. They tried to blow up the building fortunately (or unfortunately) it did not work.
28—Seniors discuss love in English.
28—Very lonesome without Grace and Elsie.
30—Cheers for turkey!

DECEMBER

4—Clara loses a fifteen-cent piece of platinum wire, and has the whole chem. class, including Mr. W., looking for it.
4—Second number of Lyceum course; Gilbert Atlee Elridge, impersonator.
7—Senior-Junior meeting to arrange for "weenie roast." The weather prevented it.
18—Public Speaking class play, "Macbeth a la Mode."
19—Miss Roper absent.
22—Two weeks' vacation!

JANUARY

4—Third number of Lyceum course—Concert Trio.
7—Back again!
10—Algot Nelson falls asleep in first period. He has nightmare and starts to take his shoes off.
11—Mr. W. asks Clara what O_3 (ozone) is. Clara (just waking up)—"It would be forty-eight."
12—Who says girls can't get a better grade in Physics than boys? Ask Dora.
15—Geneva translates in German: "She, the old king—"
15—Lillian Canavan comes back to school again.
16—Those who stay for dinner give very pleasing program this noon.

18—Lolita opens what she thinks is her lunch, and finds a pair of shoes.
19—Merle Barnes leaves.
19—Semesters!
22—New class of Freshies arrives.
22—Great excitement! Plaster falls on Freshies' heads, on their first day in High School.
23—Thelma comes back to school, and Wynne is happy.

FEBRUARY

5—Laura has a new pair of shoes.
8—Seniors are kept over time.
9—Seen on board: "For harmony, see auditorium."
12—Class meeting to start on Annual.
15—Band concert given in auditorium.
15—Talk about climbing ladders! Ask the decorating committee, especially Marion Friend.
16—Valentine party given by the High School. Feature was the initiation of Freshies.
19—Ruth has a serious accident in Chem.
22—Five Seniors and three Juniors take the afternoon off and go to Wheeler to celebrate Washington's birthday.
23—The Seniors are blamed because the Junior B boys all take a vacation in the afternoon. Funny, they blame us for everything.
26—Report cards back; some rejoice at new system of grading department, while others do **not**!

MARCH

5—Gladys Flynn brings Mandel's catalog to school, and all the Seniors select something out of it. They are reminded that they should patronize home trade.
7—Algot treats the Chem. class to chocolates.
8—Heard in the hall: "No, not the second orchestra, the **real** one!"
9—Mr. Worthington sports a carnation.
9—Will treats the Chem. class to chocolates. My, the boys are getting good!" We wonder—.
16—St. Patrick's party, given by the Manual Training boys to High School, in honor of the Domestic Science girls. Everyone has a dandy time.
19—Seniors dye for the first time in Chem.
19—No school in afternoon. Fumigating done.
20—Cast starts practicing on Senior play for benefit of Annual.
26-27—Elsa, Gladys and Geneva teach the grades.
29—Geneva nearly upsets Mr. Worthington.
29—Domestic Science girls entertain the Manual Training boys in the Mechanical Drawing room. Lucky boys!
30—Play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse," given by the Seniors in connection with musical program for benefit of the Annual.

APRIL

1—Did you get fooled?
2—Seniors finish dyeing.
2—Science department decides to give a party to the rest of the High School.
3—Seniors have a quarrel.
6—One of our members answers the call of our country.
9—Seniors choose invitations.
10—Preliminary contest. Senior Wins. Three cheers for Bill!
13—Tests, and then tests.
13—Science department gives patriotic party to the rest of the High School.
16—Seniors select class play.
16—Meeting of the High School to elect yell master and select yells.
20—Lake County Contest at Gary. Hobart wins third in chorus. Three cheers for Miss Kolb and the chorus!
23—Start practicing on class play.
23—Epidemic of measles, started by Ruth Miller.
27—Two plays given by the Latin department—one in Latin and one in English, the latter starring Florence Pio and Ralph Melin.
28—Two Senior girls take teachers' exams.
30—Senior girls wear flags in up-to-date ways.

MAY

1—Cooking demonstration in the gym by Miss Garven.
2—The Seniors **do not** get a "day off."
2—Freshies go on a Botany excursion.
8—Seniors very busy.
18—Class play.
21—Junior reception and banquet.
22—Alumni dinner dance.
23—Junior-Senior hunt.
24—High School picnic.
25—Graduation.

CHARACTER BOOK OF THE SENIORS

Name	Appearance	Nickname	Noted For	Favorite Sayings	Wants to be
Clara Kinkhart	Always happy	Bill	Worrying	"Oh Dear"	Nurse
Ruth Miller.	Sober	Rufns	Gossiping	"Oh Gee"	Nurse
Will Wollenberg	Bright and Shining	Bill	Smiling Disposition	"I'll Say It Is"	Army Officer
Geneva Gill.	Irish ! ! ! !	Gillie	Eating Candy	"Jeemany Xmas"	Chemist
Gladys Tilynn.	Interested	Glad	Doing Right Always	"Huh"	Teacher
Wynne Thompson.	Thoughtful	Thelma	Making Love to ???	"I"	Orator
Elsa Gruel	Giggley	El	Quiet Ways (?)	"Gosh"	Nurse
Algot Nelson	Grave	Algie	Arguing	"I Don't See It"	Editor
Grace Henderson	Earnest	Babe	Wide Circle of Friends	"O! Beby!!"	Milliner
Helen Wild	Small but Oh My!!	Shrimp	Smallness	"Oh Rave On"	Domestic Science Teacher
Ella Rossow.	Fair	Eleeee	Using Powder!! (?)	"Well I Swan"	Prima Donna

JOKES

What would you think if——

Clara did not get excited and say, "O, Dear?"

Ella forgot to get mad at the boys when they stood in her way?

Grace forgot to study her German?

Gladys bummed school?

Elsa didn't giggle at every little thing?

Geneva was not giving advice?

Bill didn't talk to the Junior girls at noon?

Helen should grow as tall as Bob Frank?

Wynne and Algot didn't tease Clara?

Ruth didn't giggle in Mr. Epps' room?

———o———

Ralph (translating Latin)—"The people stood with their ears open."

———o———

Miss Gillilland (in Latin)—"Where is your appendix?"

Margaret Gerber (turning red)—"From pages 226 to 282."

———o———

Mr. Worthington—"Name a book of the Bible."

Willard Dorman (after thought)—"Ogetorix."

———o———

Clara Linkhart—"Oh, I can't express myself."

Elsa Gruel—"She will have to go by freight."

———o———

Miss Kolb (in English class)—"What was the matter with Hepzibah's reading?"

Florence Joy—"She had something in her throat and it made her croak."

———o———

Helen Thyen (in Domestic Science, eating soup)—"Miss Malone, this looks like an orphan asylum, doesn't it?"

———o———

Mr. Worthington—"A man can't be more than a man unless he's a woman."

———o———

Mr. Thompson (in Botany)—"What is another kind of reproduction?" (Meaning vegetative.)

Helen Thyen—"By means of old stumps."

———o———

Mr. Epps (in Geometry)—"What is an arc?"

Merle Barnes—"The ark Noah was in?"

———o———

A Senior kindly asks a Junior to remove her head.

Wynne T.—"Alimony is what girls get married for."

———o———

Mr. Epps (in Geometry class)—"Now you ask me how you would state that question?"

Emma C.—"What would you do next?"

———o———

Mr. Epps (after school)—"The children don't know what reciprocal means."

Helen T.—"Yes, we had that in Botany." (Meaning receptacle.)

———o———

Mr. Worthington (in History)—"Mention a mode of trial during the middle ages."

Vera B.—"One was by ordeal that was holding red hot iron in their hands to see if it burned."

———o———

Merle B. (in Drawing)—"Why don't you cut the different parts of the girl separate? It's easier."

Florence J.—"Oh, Miss Bracken is it all right if I hitched mine all together?"

———o———

Mr. W.—"By what compromise was the conflict settled?"

Dora O.—"By the Concordit of Worms."

———o———

Gretchen S. (in Drawing)—"Has anybody got a blotter? I can't turn over without one."

———o———

Mr. E. (in Geometry)—"Your lesson for tomorrow is quite difficult, but it's easy."

Emma C.—"Yes, it's easy, although it's difficult."

———o———

Helen W. uses powdered alimony (antimony) in Chemistry.

———o———

Miss Roper—"Isn't it a cowardly thing to commit suicide rather than face the circumstance?"

Algot N.—"Well, it takes a lot of courage to commit suicide."

———o———

Mr. Thompson—"Is the earth round?"

Gladys F.—"No, slightly spherical."

———o———

Lolita S. translates "viscus" (vital) whiskers.

———o———

Viola P.—"If anyone says 'It's cold,' I'll give them a slap."

Mr. W.—"It's so cold out today." (Circumstances alter cases, don't they?)

Ruth M.—"It's a good thing I didn't have a long-waisted sleeve on today. I spilled acid over my arm."

———o———

Miss Kolb—"What time of the day was it?"

Kenneth C.—"It was night."

———o———

Miss Kolb—"No, this piece starts out like 'The Devil.' "

———o———

Miss Roper (in German)—"Who's work are you copying, Herr?"

Herr—"I am not copying anybody's. I am looking to see if anybody is copying mine."

———o———

Laura L. (in English)—"Emerson died and left a widower (widow) and six children."

———o———

Mr. T.—"What battle ended the War of the Roses?"

Grace M.—"Some field." (Bosworth field.)

Mr. T.—"For instance, oat field."

———o———

Miss R. (in German)—"Is this too cold for any of you?"

Mary M.—"Yes, my feet."

———o———

Miss R. (in German)—"Herr, please translate this sentence."

Herr—"I don't know how to say Victoria; I guess its something like Villa."

———o———

Mr. T.—"What other kind of seeds do they use?"

Kenneth C.—"Isn't there one called 'Killum?"

———o———

Mr. W.—"What did the princesses do in the Homeric age?"

Martha M.—"Washed dishes and everything."

———o———

Miss Kolb—"What was pandemonium (hell)? We often have it in this room."

Wilma C.—"It's a place where Satan meets with his companions."

———o———

The Seniors were discussing love in English.

Miss R.—"We won't discuss this much, you are too young to understand."

———o———

Mr. T.—"What color are the people in the West Indies?"

Clara L.—"I think they are brown."

Mr. T.—"O, then they are faded, because I heard they used to be black."

———o———

Mr. W.—"Nitrogen can't stand alone."

Geneva G. (aside)—"It'll have to have a crutch, then."

Mr. W.—"What about Latin?"

Marion F.—"Oh, I flunked."

Mr. W.—"Well, they say confession is good for the soul."

———o———

Geneva G.—"What part of an inch is a centimeter?"

Mr. W.—"What did you say? What part of H (hydrogen) is ammonia?"

———o———

Mr. T.—"In Paris they call them parasites, in Germany, germs, and in Ireland, microbes."

———o———

Helen W.—"Did she tell you about her father's mother's first husband's brother?"

———o———

Bill W. (in Chemistry)—"What is HOH?"

Mr. W.—"There's no such animal."

———o———

Laura L.—"What is good for shooting pains in the head?"

Ella R.—"A gun."

———o———

Miss R. (in English)—"A man loves the most, either in prosperity or in adversity."

Wynne T.—"Oh, no, he don't."

Algot N.—"How do you know?"

———o———

Miss R. (in German)—"No, Jean D' Arc had not fallen in love yet."

Geneva G.—"Yes, but she was learning fast."

———o———

Ella R.—"They are twins."

Clara L.—"We have to know how old they are."

Ella R.—"They are sixteen."

Clara L.—"Both of them?"

———o———

Margaret T. (in German)—"He embraced himself friendly."

Miss R.—"How is that done?"

———o———

Helen W. (in Chemistry)—"Salt is used by higher animals."

Ella is highly insulted.

———o———

Miss G.—"Have you got a pair of white pants, Ralph?"

Ralph M.—"Yes, you can use them."

———o———

Mr. T.—"Why don't you like to have smallpox?"

Helen T.—"Then you would be quarantined and you would have to stay in the house."

———o———

Mr. T.—"Has smallpox ever been around here?"

Helen T.—"Yes, over in Gary."

VALEDICTORY

PARENTS and Friends: We are here tonight for the last time as a unit, a class. We may be here again many times, but there will be a difference. We shall not have the same interests that we now have had during the last four years. But in a way we are not sorry. We have had four happy years of High School life and we regret to leave it, but we are eager to start the new life.

During our school life we have been shielded from many of the cares which otherwise would have confronted us. True, we have had some problems to meet, and we have been taught to meet them cheerfully and bravely in order that later, when the real problems come, we can meet them in the same spirit with the motto before us, "Deeds, not Dreams." May we always keep that motto before us, and also, may we always be true to our colors, those of our class, and dearer still, of our country, the red, white and blue, ready always to serve them at all times and in whatever manner we may be called upon to serve.

As we look back tonight on our school life we realize what it means—twelve years of work faithfully done. Our diploma represents to us our work, and in addition, our pleasures and friendships during that length of time. It represents to us the patience of teachers who have spent many a weary hour trying to teach us, though we seemed not able to understand. With untiring effort they have always encouraged us when we were depressed and praised us when we deserved it.

Some of us will probably go on to school to secure more education, while others will stop here and start in at once in the most serious business of life. But whatever we may be, we shall always remember our motto, "Deeds, not Dreams." We shall have dreams—everyone has them—but we will go further. We will make them come true, as we have always tried to do before this, and generally have succeeded in doing. May we be even more successful in the future.

In conclusion, in behalf of our class, I wish to thank our parents and friends—I would have said "teachers" too, but we consider them our friends—for it is due to their help and encouragement that we have been enabled to complete our course. Now with mingled feelings of regret and gladness we bid you farewell.

—*Geneva Gill.*

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VALPARAISO, INDIANA

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HOBART DRUG STORE

Corner Main and Third Streets

Hosea B. (in Latin)—"He dassen't touch them."

Miss G.—"Spell that word."

Hosea B.—"Well, I can't, but he dassen't anyway."

———o———

Hosea B. (in Latin)—"The crowd stood with their ears erect."

———o———

Edwin Haller made a rather crooked line for a radical.

Mr. E.—"Haller, you had ought to be a line man."

Martha M.—"Oh, no! He's going to be a poet."

Leonard N.—"Well, they both string things out."

———o———

Mr. W.—"What shape were the churches of the medieval ages made?"

Laura L.—"Round!" (She was not evidently listening.)

———o———

Mr. T.—"By what was the climax reached?"

Vera B.—"By the 10 per cent tax put on the people; no, I mean the goods."

———o———

Hosea B.—"Napoleon had them all arrested one evening at night."

Scheidt & Keilman

General Merchandise and Groceries

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D. D. MELIN, Assistant Cashier

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Has more readers in this territory than all other papers printing news of this vicinity and circulating in this territory combined.

Advertisers are pleased with results

Miss Kolb—"When I stamp my foot it's only 130 pounds that comes down, but when he stamped his it was 250 pounds."

Edward K.—"That must have been some foot."

Mr. T.—"You would not get typhoid fever if you just were in the house with anybody that had it, yet sometimes a whole family gets it. How do they get it?"

Lucille V.—"They drink the same water."

Laura L.—"Dante wrote stories about his visits to Paradise."

Dora O.—"I got that; I got JEW."

Miss K.—"What was Phoebe called in the 'House of the Seven Gables?' It was supposed to be the daughter of the dawn."

Leonard N.—"The sister of the moon."

Vera B.—"Who was Hildebrand?"
Hosea B.—"Gregory the seventh."

Miss R. (in English)—"Let us close our doors (books) please."

Best Wishes and Good Will

Through the medium of the "Aurora" we wish to congratulate the Class of 1917 on the successful completion of their High School work, and extend to them our best wishes and good will. May the pleasant memories of your school days be undimmed by the passing of time, and may the earnest endeavor you have put forth make the coming years broader and better.

FIRST STATE BANK

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Frank H. Davis, Cashier.
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HOBART - INDIANA

Mr. T.—"Who invented the modern steam engine?"

Ralph M.—"Walt Whitman."

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Darby was a drug clerk;
Darby is no more!
What Darby thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED

"You're looking fine, Weary; ain't you cold?"

"Nope; I slept in a garage last night and drank a gallon of anti-freeze mixture."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Nurse—"Oh, ma'am! What shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well."

Mother—"Dear me! How annoying! Just go into the library and get the last number of the Modern Mother's Magazine; it contains an article on 'How to Bring Up Children.'"

SWEET CREAM

Baby's in the ice cream freezer;
Willie turns the crank to squeeze her.
Mama says, "Dear, the way that's fixed
You'll have that child completely mixed."

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If we did not think that we could serve you exactly as you like to be served, we would not be so frank in asking you to come to Valparaiso.

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You can come over in the morning, arriving here at 8:17 on the Pennsy or at noon on the Nickel Plate. Or in the afternoon at 2:15, returning again to Hobart at 5:12 or 7:16 p. m.

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Specht-Finney Company

SERVICE FIRST

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Start Your Savings Account With Us and Watch It Grow

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JOHN GRUEL, President. M. W. BROWN, Vice-President. J. C. CAVENDER, Cashier.

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Established 1889

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BECAUSE:

It has the most readers;
It gives the most news;
Its readers like it and pay for it;
It brings business to the advertiser.

SMITH & WHITE, Props.

COLOR BLIND

He—"Have you read 'Freckles?'"
She (quickly)—"Oh, no! That's my veil."

INEXPRESSIBLE

Doctor—"Let me see your tongue."
Patient—"No tongue can tell how I feel."

A BACTERIOLOGIST

Said Cupid: "By Jing!
I have been everything
From nimrod to astrologist;
Now fellows and misses,
Since there's germs in all kisses--
I'll hang out my shingle: 'Bacteriologist!'"

SURE THING

He—"He's built up a great many thin people."
She—"Does he run a health resort?"
He—"No, he makes padded coats."



THE MAIN PRINCIPLE IN the Acker and Schmidt store is the customer's satisfaction; the every effort of all of the people connected with this store (the most complete in Northern Indiana) is to see that the customer is completely satisfied. We protect ourselves by high quality, big values and careful service; that's your protection, too.

Society Brand Clothes

are the best clothes made. We have them in serges, flannels, basket weaves and soft worsteds.

Ultra stylish things for the young man. A complete assortment of the smartest things in haberdashery for young and old.

The Patriotic Blue Has the Lead

Blues in belt styles, yoke styles, inverted plaits, men's sack suit ideas, single and double breasted. Blues that are true-blue, safe in color and in service; suits that will give you satisfaction every day you wear them. The best values you've ever known.

The Greatest Array of Clothing Ever Shown in Gary. Suits for Every Need

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ARE YOU PREPARED

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POPE AND KEEN KUTTER BICYCLES

None Better

TENNIS GOODS GUNS AND AMMUNITION

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Our complete stock offers you a wide selection and our prices are always reasonable.

Nothing more suitable as a gift on any occasion to the lover of the out-of-doors than one of these articles.

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Furniture

Rugs, Window Shades, Paints and Oils, Glass, Picture Framing, etc.

Cabinet Victrolas which play all records, including Edison records, without change of needle, at $35.

Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer

Automobile Hearse in connection.

Assistant Licensed in Indiana and Illinois

Established 30 Years

ALWIN WILD

Office Phone 17. Res. Phone 57

THE REASON WHY

Little Esther studied the face of the little negress intently.

"What makes you so black, Cindy?'" she finally asked.

"Huh!" said Cindy. "You'd better be black, too, if you were born at midnight in a dark room and had a black fadder and a black mammy."

SEEING AND HEARING

One man was bragging about his eyesight and the other about his hearing.

Said the first: "You see that fly walking on that barn away over there?"

The other replied: "No, but I can hear the shingles rattle as it walks along."

A FREAK

Jack—"Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side."

Wagge—"Is it possible? No wonder he died."

A NEW PLANT

Gushing Young Woman (to baronet at garden party)—"Oh, Sir James, I hear you have an acetylene plant, and I simply adore tropical flowers."

Secretarial Course

For High School Graduates

This is a new course that we are offering as a result of the heavy demand we are having for young men and women of maturer years and higher educational qualifications. It is open to high school and college graduates only. The course trains for positions as private secretaries to managers, proprietors and department heads. They are the high-class positions—the positions that pay the big salaries, and that offer unlimited opportunities for advancement.

There Is No Line of Work That High School Graduates Can Take Up That Has so Big a Future in it

Private secretaries have a more rapid and sure opportunity of getting into the midst of big affairs than other employees. From the very beginning they become the understudies of managers, proprietors, auditors, and department heads. They work side by side with the very brightest minds, especially in the Sales, Executive and Financial Offices. Thus they acquire the experience and the knowledge that enables them to succeed in a big way.

You should not delay in getting full information concerning this course.

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Gary, Indiana

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Come in and inspect our stock of

Hats	Underwear	Ladies' Hose
Shirts	Caps	Pajamas
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"At the Red Sidewalk"

You cannot be too critical to suit us; it is the hard-to-please customer whom we know we can satisfy; the one who will pay a little more for real Pure Food Products, and insists on having them.

This is the quality satisfaction that means health and comfort to you, and the right trade for us.

Give us a trial. Right prices and prompt service guaranteed.

E. Tabbert & Son

Phone 60. Near Penn. Depot

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or chew,
If your grub tastes like glue,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you get cold feet,
If your head is in a whirl,
For heaven's sake—marry the girl!

—o—

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"Manicure parlor; what's that?"
"That's a swell name for hand laundry."

ROPER & BROWN

Proprietors of

HOBART FLOURING MILLS

and Dealers in

Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, Salt
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R. C. Mackey Dwight Mackey
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Mackey & Mackey

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Surgeons for Nickel Plate and E. J. & E. Rys.

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PHONE: OFFICE, 32

HOBART . . -. . -. . - . . INDIANA

TO TELL MUSHROOMS

To tell a mushroom, merely eat
The specimens that you get,
And note the next day with studious care
If you've stayed here or gone elsewhere.

THE WORST

Patient—"Doctor, let me know the worst at once."

Doctor—"Oh, there's no danger. You'll get better."

Patient—"I know that. But what's your bill going to be?"

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HOBART CROWN POINT

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We enjoy the distinct reputation of doing the best and most artistic photographic work in Northern Indiana. A trial will convince you.

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VAN

The Hardware Man

Phone 68

Clothes For Men and Boys For All Occasions

At Your Store and Ours

This store belongs to us; but it's no good to us unless it's your store, too. To be your store it must contain the clothes you want to wear, it must be arranged for your comfort, and it must do business in a way satisfactory to you, having and holding your confidence.

Lots of men—more every year—find that our store is their store. If it isn't already your store, come in and let us make it so.

MICHAELS-STERN SUITS
PHOENIX HOSIERY
YOUNG'S HATS
COOPER'S UNDERWEAR

STYLEPLUS SUITS
CHENEY NECKWEAR
WILSON BROS. SHIRTS
ARROW COLLARS

A splendid section devoted exclusively to boys' and young men's wear. You can find what you want here, and a large assortment of the season's best styles to select from.

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THE BIG STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

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DENTIST

607 Broadway
Cor. 6th Ave. GARY, IND.

Drugs Paints
Wall Paper

REISSIG'S
DRUG STORE

Phone 316-M

HOBART - - - INDIANA

THE REASON WHY

She—"Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?"

He—"To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

A LONG WAY ROUND

"Yes," said the old man, "I find my strength is failing somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I get half way round I have to turn and come back."

A SMOOTH FINISH

"Did you read about the man who drank varnish, supposing it to be a highball?"

"Yes, and the poor fellow never saw his finish."

A BAD SPELL

Doctor—"But this man has not the smallpox; he seems to have rheumatism. Why did you call it smallpox?"

Patient's Wife—"Well, doctor, to tell the truth, there was no one in the house who could spell rheumatism, and we thought smallpox would do just as well until you came, and perhaps bring you sooner."

WE BOUGHT

Two Hundred Classics

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By

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The Photographer in Your Town

Over 5c and 10c Store. Friedrich Block

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Your friends can buy anything you can give them except YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

PHONE 1

NOT NECESSARY

"Why didn't you laugh at the boss' joke, Bill?"

"Don't have to; I quit Saturday."

—o—

FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

The spring has came
The snow has went;
It was not did
By accident.
The birds have flew
As you have saw,
Back north again
By nature's law.

DR. F. H. WERNER

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Four doors north Hobart House

Phone 366-J

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